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BOYCOTTING AND PICKETTING.

THOUGH the strike is not yet settled, there is a fair prospect that an arrangement will have been made before we go to press. It is idle to speculate on the terms of a settlement we have not seen. We can only hope that the courage of the Companies had not failed them, and made them forget the many encouraging signs of the week—the increasing number of men who were got to work, the diminishing efficacy of the pickets, and the depression among the strikers. It is also, we may add—remembering the signal had faith shown by the strike leaders last Sunday—early to conclude that the last compromise will have better fortune than the first. The failure of the LORD MAYOR's negotiations has been naturally the text for a great deal of angry contradiction, but the leading facts of the incident are known with tolerable certainty. The Bishop of LONDON, the LORD MAYOR, and Cardinal MANNING met the leaders of the strike last Saturday, and proposed to them a compromise, by which many of the demands of the men were conceded; but, on the other hand, it was stipulated that the dock labourers should return to work at the 5d. an hour rate till the 1st of January, and that the men who had been taken on during the strike should not be molested. The scheme, which the Dock Companies had agreed to accept in spite of the resistance of Sir HENRY LE MARCHANT, was actually received by Mr. BURNS and his fellow-managers in a way which convinced the LORD MAYOR and his assessors that they thought it reasonable. Mr. BURNS did, indeed, represent that he must leave the ultimate decision to the Strike Committee, but it might naturally be thought that a popular leader of so much influence, and one who, by way of illustrating the dignity of labour no doubt, deals with opposition by putting himself in a fighting attitude and threatening to smash jaws, would have no great difficulty in persuading this authority to see reason. It was, therefore, a surprise to the zealous peace-makers at the Mansion House when the compromise was not only rejected, but rejected in the rudest way, and was made an excuse for assuring the strikers that the Companies were yielding, and that they had only to hold out to secure all their demands at once. No result could have justified Sir HENRY LE MARCHANT more thoroughly, or have inflicted a better-deserved snub on the busybodies who intruded into the dispute. The Bishop and the LORD MAYOR appear to have taken their lesson. The persistence of Cardinal MANNING in offering his services to the mob leaders who use him as a tool is, however, intelligible enough. If you will play the part of friend of the people when the people does not want you, a certain amount of toad-eating is unavoidable. In the meantime Mr. BURNS, "poor little BEN TILLET," and the others have, by their own showing, insisted through the week on terms greatly in excess of what they were prepared last Saturday to recommend to their Committee as reasonable.

In the meantime, too, the resources by which the strike is prolonged have become even less mysterious than before. Enough money has been sent from Australia to keep some thousands of men, accustomed at all times to small wages and casual work—accustomed also to be largely supported by their wives, who, it may be observed, are not in a position to conjugate the active voice of the verb to strike—in a condition of idleness refreshed by beer. In spite of the sturdy begging of Mr. BURNS, and his rather amusing shame for the American workmen who will not tip him, less money has been subscribed than would have been acceptable. Still, enough has come in to serve the turn. It is distributed by Mr. BURNS "in a fighting attitude." As long as it holds out and the distribution confers a position of

dignity on the distributor, it is not to be supposed that the human nature of your leader will willingly consent to put a stop to a state of things which keeps the person who enjoys all its advantages, and suffers none of its inconveniences, in a situation so conspicuous. To be at once the friend, the champion, and the master of "the people" is a pleasure given to few. If Sir HENRY LE MARCHANT, now, or Mr. NORWOOD were to threaten to cane a workman, and were not to be knocked down for their bullying, what would the "Liberal" press say? In the admirable strike leader the language is appropriate, and passes unnoted by the friends of the people. What could not be done by doles was done by intimidation. It is true, no doubt, thanks in great part to the resolution of the East-End magistrates, that downright riot has been largely, if not altogether, avoided. The strange story of the lime, which happened to be quite promiscuous-like in somebody's hands, and happened most unaccountably in the flurry of the moment to get into somebody's eyes, requires investigation and explanation. What, however, is very clear is that there was lime about, and that it hurt somebody. This is certainly not what was to have been expected from such orderly people as the strikers. It is very obvious, too, that this lime was only the outward and visible sign of a great deal of intimidation which has proved effective. Mr. MATTHEWS has not, as far as we know, modified his opinion that there has been no organized intimidation, and Mr. MONRO would seem to agree with the HOME SECRETARY. It is highly desirable, if this is a tenable view, that we should shortly obtain a definition of organized intimidation by a competent authority. If the sympathizers with the unlamented LIPSKI had waited for Mr. MATTHEWS at his going out and his coming in, if they had crowded round him on the pavement between the carriage and the house, if they had yelled at him, asked him whether he was not ashamed of himself, called him a weak man who was determined to make good his bungling in the CASS case by hanging one whom he knew to be innocent in defiance of the evidence, if, finally, they had hustled him, would or would not this conduct on their part have been held to amount to assault and intimidation? We are strongly of opinion that it would, and very properly too. But for that very reason we, for our part, are convinced that there has been organized intimidation in the East End. Mr. MATTHEWS may read for himself of the mobbing of "blacklegs" in Fenchurch Street and at the dock gates, of sailors turned back by violence on their way to their ships, of crowds which block the road and howl abuse at men going to the work they have every right to take. This is certainly not picketing as it has been defined by the judges. It is intimidation conducted by bodies of persons banded to prevent others from doing what they have a lawful right to do, and that, though no lime is thrown, no blows struck, and no weapon used, is conspiracy to intimidate. For the rest, does or does not Mr. MATTHEWS think that to tell any one that he will be a marked man if he does this or the other lawful thing, is a threat? It is notorious that this language is freely used, and if it is not threatening and intimidation, a new definition of those terms is greatly needed.

There is abundance of evidence to show how this intimidation works, and by whom it is worked. It is at least highly probable that the rejection of the LORD MAYOR's compromise was partly, if not wholly, due to the clause stipulating for the security of the men taken on by the Companies. If this had been accepted, the strike leaders would have deprived themselves in future of a very useful instrument of coercion. It would never do to confess that they could not carry out their threats. To this same desire to show their power may be attributed the refusal to allow poor Mr. LAFONE, after all his virtuous but cheap exertions,

to unload one of the vessels at his wharf. Another freak of the same kind is the compulsory stopping of work by men who were earning 40s. to 50s. a week in the Surrey Docks in unloading timber ships. This work, be it remembered, ends when the ice closes the Baltic, and, therefore, these men will have so much the less to live on during the coming winter. But it is clear that the interest of any class of workers has become a very secondary matter in a strike which was maintained by the Committee, on funds from Australia, and by the obstinacy of one or two Unions which are well off, and can afford to stand out. The declaration of the lightermen, a privileged body, that they will stand out—even if the labourers yield—till the terms first demanded are conceded, and that they will stop the traffic on the river, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the strike; but it ought to show mildly sentimental people what the movement has really become.

THE WICKED TURK.

THE troubles, and rumours of troubles, which beset the Porte at most times, and not least at this season—when there is little to do and much must be made to talk about by those whose business is to talk—have recently quieted down a little. The rather inexplicable bickerings between Servia and Bulgaria seem to have shown no symptoms of reaching a more active stage than that in which the weapons are ink and breath—as good harmless instruments, when they do not set others going, as can be found. Any actual quarrel between these Powers or powerlets could only end to the disadvantage of the SULTAN, who in all such cases is made to pay the expenses of his neighbours' and subjects' amusements. In a small way the distress in the Black Mountain is bad news for Turkey. It has been ingeniously pointed out, as was noticed only the other day, by the representative of England in that hilly and heroic district that Montenegro is a very peaceful place, for the reason that every Montenegrin carries, and knows that every other Montenegrin carries, a six-chambered revolver and a knife or two. This securing of peace by preparation of war, however, does not extend to the state of things when men thus armed are hungry and see provisions in neighbouring districts. Here, too, the Turk would have to pay for all; and more here than anywhere else, thanks to the still more closely drawn relations between Russia and Montenegro. But there is little doubt that no trouble will arise here or anywhere except at the instigation of Russia. It is still completely unknown what exact effect vexations, political and other, have had on the Czar's mind, and on the working of that mind all depends. The new developments of Pan Slavist agitation which have resulted in the drawing up of paper schemes of Balkan States, rearranged at the expense of Turkey and Austria, and with armies undisguisedly at the disposal of the Czar, will be paper schemes merely or dangerous instruments of European disturbance exactly as the personal temper of the Czar determines—unless, indeed, his hand be forced by a new and alarming manifestation of the Nihilist spirit, of which something has already been heard.

The ill-temper of those curious monomaniacs who see all things in Turkish wickedness, and who imagine that those whose eyes are clearer see all things in Turkish virtue, continues to be a favourable sign. These persons are very much dissatisfied with the state of things both in Armenia and in Crete; nor do they lack good reason for their dissatisfaction. It is once more asserted, and there is no reason to doubt it, that the Armenians, as a nation, have by no means that desire to fling themselves into the arms of Russia, and so lose their nationality altogether, which their English sympathizers think they ought to feel. The Armenian, like the members of many other subject races, is a very curious mixture of qualities. He has the tendency to intrigue, the apparent pusillanimity capable under favourable circumstances of showing fight admirably, the proneness to grumble and whine, the habit of preferring above all things to load himself if he can with the thick clay. But he is really patriotic, extremely shrewd, not seldom very well informed, and not at all of an impulsive nature. These latter qualities would of themselves discipline Armenians to submit themselves to an Empire which swallows all nationalities, and which if not, except in wartime, particularly oppressive to the lowest class of the population, is the least favourable ruling Power in Europe, or

perhaps in the world, to the prosperous commercial person, which every Armenian desires to be. It is also the fact that the alleged sufferings of Armenians touch only a very small part of the nation, and that this part is much better able to defend itself, if it chooses, than is pretended. Some of the latest news tells how certain villagers, plucking up their courage, did repulse and defeat the fire-breathing brother of the great Moussa himself, and there is no doubt that this might be done much oftener. The Porte cannot afford, and its provincial subjects would by no means wish to afford, the cumbrous and costly machinery by which alone the security of life and property, as it is understood in Western countries, can be attained. What it can do is to "see fair" and to interfere with the strong hand in cases of decided oppression. And it may be freely granted that, though this is actually done to a considerable extent in the Turkish dominions, it is not done as universally and, above all, as ostentatiously as the wisdom of the serpent would direct. The Turk, though not a fool, is terribly ignorant of Western ways; Russia understands them very well. While Russia and Russophiles direct a whole reptile press and never cease to advertise or invent, or both, atrocities and what not, the Turk reposes in a supine and childish belief that *magna est veritas*. At the same time, it would appear, unless the Russophiles lie more than is even their wont, that the treatment of Moussa at Constantinople has not been wholly judicious. It would have been much wiser to show him a stern countenance first, even with a deliberate purpose of acquitting or pardoning him afterwards, than to furnish the newspapers of Europe with opportunities of paragraphs about his good reception at Constantinople. But there seems little doubt that the inquiry, though delayed and injudiciously prepared, will be a real inquiry, and that is the important thing.

It is, however, Crete which seems to be giving the greatest grief to the SULTAN's enemies. In so far as can be judged (though it is never safe to hurry judgment in such cases), SHAKIR Pasha has gone to work with that turbulent island in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Even the busy brains and shameless fronts of Russian and Greek agents have not been able to report or invent any "atrocities." The district in revolt is admitted to have shrunk to much smaller dimensions, important strongholds of the insurgents have been occupied, and the whole process has been accompanied by that form of conciliation which is the only reasonable form of that much-abused word and thing. The spurious conciliation which our Radical agitators cry up consists in approaching a mutineer cap-in-hand and saying, "Sir, I am dreadfully afraid of you. I am ready to concede everything I possibly can; be merciful, and do not put your heel upon my neck harder than in your merciful wisdom you think necessary." The other conciliator comes to his man with matches burning, edges him out of this position and that, at once as gently and forcibly as he can; and, if there is a sign of resistance, says, "You had better take what I offer you; for, if you don't, the sword will decide it, and a pretty sharp sword too." Even in minor details SHAKIR Pasha's despatches, which appear to be confirmed from Athens and from local sources, contain plenty of reasons for chagrin and no comfort for the atrocitymongers. The first concern of this brutal Turk appears to have been in every case to secure quiet living to both sides; to dissuade both, and not only the Christians, from carrying arms; to parley, where parley was possible, with the local leaders, one by one, and get each to quiet the place where he himself has influence; to pay no attention to idle rumours; and, while making an ample show of force, to abstain from anything like needless violence, and, indeed, from violence at all. The most atrocious act yet charged against him is the sentence on a Cretan agitator of ten years' deportation from the island he has tried to throw into anarchy—a very terrible and unheard-of punishment, no doubt. If SHAKIR Pasha goes on in this way, he will run Mr. BALFOUR hard for the prize of Gladstonian detestation, and, good luck helping him, he will pacify Crete. It is to be hoped that the SULTAN will determine and will be able to keep, as reported, a much larger force in the island for the future than has been kept there for some time past. There is no oppression of any sort there, but there is a most virulent party feeling between Christians and Mussulmans and between different Christian parties. And as all these parties, Mussulman and Christian alike, have a generous determination not to be "put upon" by the others, as there are generally ill-conditioned persons about, who, for their own purposes, are only too glad to

make bate between them, it is absolutely necessary that there should be a strong force at the disposal of the central authority. Crete is not the end of the world, and the SULTAN may as well keep his troops there as anywhere else—unless he is obliged by unfriendly proceedings on his neighbours' part to mass them in Armenia or Macedonia.

THE NATIONAL PARTY AGAIN.

WE now know that in Lord HARTINGTON's opinion, as well as that of many other persons less qualified to judge, the time is not far off when there will be a complete and definite change in the array of parties. At present the political world is still divided up into half a dozen sections, all loose, all uncertain and disorderly except one, which, through their divisions and uncertainties, is far stronger than any of the rest. That is unquestionably the case, although the Conservatives have not taken advantage of their own strength and the comparative feebleness of other Parliamentary factions. But, though we may have less reason than some others to complain of a state of things which gives preponderance (or its potentialities) to the soberest party in the nation, it is not well that England should be perpetually vexed, as France is, by four or five contentious factions; and, if otherwise the prospect is a troubled one, there will be some satisfaction in escaping from the petty confusions of the day, and in getting back to the convenient old two-great-party system of political warfare. Everything seems to show that this will happen before long. Although in one part of his recent address Lord HARTINGTON spoke of the Liberals as if they were still linked in some shadowy way with the Opposition; and, though he and his Liberal colleagues remain indisposed to merge themselves in a Government called Conservative, he had a pregnant word to this effect:—"All that is taking place from day to day, the common labours in which we are engaged, the common interests which we are learning to uphold and defend, are laying the foundation at some not very distant time of the formation of a still greater National party"; which party, Lord HARTINGTON went on to say, would be bound together by devotion to Imperial interests, and by common effort to raise and elevate the condition of our countrymen all over the United Kingdom.

Lord HARTINGTON is probably right in thinking it judicious to keep himself and his friends out of a closer connexion with the Cabinet for yet a while. For that would mean a formal reconstruction of the Ministry by certain extrusions and certain admissions; and we must remember—as no doubt Lord HARTINGTON himself does—that this might displease some Conservative voters as much as some Liberals. It is not so easy to agree with him (a matter of small importance, however) if he believes that the Liberalism of which he is spokesman does not already form a distinct party opposed to the whole spirit of modern Radicalism. Further it might be said that his description of the "still greater National party," of which he foresees the birth, is wanting in distinctiveness; for there is not a single political faction in this or any other land which does not mark itself off in precisely the same terms. Imperialist, Royalist, Republican, Boulangist in France; Conservative, Liberal, Gladstonian, Laboucharian in England—we are all devoted to Imperial interests (rightly considered), and all enlisted in a "common effort to raise and elevate our fellow-countrymen" throughout the length and breadth of the land. But we know what is meant. The party called Radical has taken to itself a variety of doctrine which was totally unknown in English politics till recently. On the ground of this doctrine, with its own peculiar "efforts to raise and elevate our fellow-countrymen," a party is rapidly forming which promises to become very solid and very formidable, since it is likely to include all the various kinds of faddists and to seduce the whole mass of enfranchised ignorance and hunger. To the leaders of this portentous body of experimental revolutionists, a Whig is as hateful as any Tory. The repugnance is mutual; and when we perceive that the next general election is not far off, we also perceive that the time is at hand when the common sense of Whig and Tory, Liberal and old-school Radical, will bring all under one flag against the organized forces of anarchy and excess. Evidently that is what Lord HARTINGTON means, and, in company with many others, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we agreed with him before he spoke.

From some other passages in his address, however, it

would appear that he puts the general election first, the formation of the party which is to be called National afterwards. Doubtful of what may happen when the next electoral struggle comes on, he even seems to think that a Radical victory at the polls may possibly precede the reconstruction of parties. If that is to be the order of events, so much the worse for the friends of order, no matter what their denomination. But must it be so? Can nothing be done to form up the national party at once, in preparation for the elections which will certainly put the other side together, and possibly—as Lord HARTINGTON says—give them the victory? Their chance will certainly be reduced if they are promptly met by the combination which their triumph would precipitate, and which will surely have to face them sooner or later. It is true, no doubt, that in the House of Lords we have a constitutional authority which could and would throw out their Home Rule Bills and their other grand measures of subversion and revolution. This safeguard against hasty changes of the first magnitude the Liberal leader insisted upon at great length; arguing for the propriety of putting it to use in a remarkably energetic way. But much is gained whenever resort to the veto of the Peers is avoided; and the prospect of forming a great national party amidst the ravings and riotings of a "conflict with the House of Lords" is not half so pleasant as the hope of a similar operation to avert misfortunes of which that conflict would be only a part. For ourselves, we can but think that it would not be the wisest course to put off the combination which Lord HARTINGTON looks to till after the Radicals have had their fling at the next general election. That is to say, it would not be wise to do so if anything can be done to oppose them on that occasion with all the forces that good sense and moderation can bring together. And something can be done, even though the Liberal-Unionists and the Liberals generally still stand aside as an independent party—allied with the Conservatives, whose counsels they share and whose policies they modify, but declining as yet to come into the same organization. What this patriotic and influential body of men can do is to make no bones of declaring themselves in arms against the new party of Revolutionary Radicalism—not on Home Rule grounds alone. Something else they can do. They can make it clear, for the satisfaction of their allies, and beyond all doubt for the good of the State, that, though they still mean to do their utmost to raise and elevate the condition of their fellow-countrymen all over the United Kingdom, they have no idea of attempting that business with pieces of policy broken from the revolutionary and Socialistic methods of Laboucharian Radicalism, and necessarily swarming with the life thereof. Liberal principles forbid that kind of medicining as sternly as any body of political principles in existence; while, so far as the experiment has been tried (and it has been tried more than a little), nothing but failure, and the punishment of failure, has been the consequence in the long run. With the older Radicalism much could be done in the way of concession and conciliation. With the new Radicalism all such dealing would be as absurd as concession to smallpox (which, indeed, is the demand of one of its tribes); and, if it is to be successfully opposed, it must be opposed from the beginning on that understanding.

STILL MORE CHATTER.

NO, they will never have done. There is always somebody who wants to "chatter about HARRIET" and SHELLEY. Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his diverting review of Professor DOWDEN's magazine of chatter about HARRIET, might have been supposed to settle the affair once for all. But Mr. H. S. SALT, whose contempt for the middle classes may prove him to be a haughty Eupatrid, returns to HARRIET and to SHELLEY in the *International Review*. With much that Mr. SALT has to say about Mr. ARNOLD's criticisms of SHELLEY's poetry it were superfluous to express agreement. Everybody agrees. When Mr. ARNOLD spoke as if SHELLEY's prose might survive his poetry we may presume that this was "merely his fun," though the humour be rather subterranean. Mr. SALT tries to show that Mr. ARNOLD's ideas were not so very different from SHELLEY's, though his dislike of SHELLEY's ideas may have helped to prevent him from appreciating his poetry. It was, perhaps, more the manner than the matter that Mr. ARNOLD disliked. Say what you will, the *Revolt of Islam* is full of the most boyish absurdities, of incidents before which MAYNE

REID sinks into common sense and constructive art. All the windy "Voices," all the reforms which were to take the shape of weaving buds and beams, all the futile optimism of SHELLEY, may well have discontented Mr. ARNOLD. For this, or for some other reason, it is true that he did not appreciate this "meteoric poet"—the more is the pity. But this, perhaps, vexes Mr. SALT much less than Mr. ARNOLD's very plain, blunt, and accurate criticism of SHELLEY as a young man, and of the detestable set in which he lived.

SHELLEY, to tell the truth, was always a boy, and a boy with a great deal of the schoolgirl in him. Of the boy he had that grave unconscious absurdity which Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH very happily describes in the characters of RIPTON THOMPSON and RICHARD FEYEREL. He believed in certain ideas which, to our mind, the whole course of human history demonstrates to be false. That, however, is not the question. The important thing is that, when it suited him, SHELLEY "lived up to" these ideas with an owl-like solemnity truly boyish. Of the schoolgirl he had the *engouement* and the caprice; he fell in love with men and women right and left, called them angels and demigods, and then lost conceit of them, and named them Brown Demons, and whistled them down the wind of his contempt. We do not see how any grown man can read SHELLEY's biography and not admit these defects; errors not astonishing in a miss of sixteen, but amazing in a man, however young, in a husband, a father, and a poet.

Mr. ARNOLD, of course, saw all this, and he thought it necessary, though perhaps it was superfluous, to tell the truth about these aspects of SHELLEY's character. Mr. SALT, therefore, accuses him of embracing BUMBLE, the representative of that poor middle class which Mr. SALT looks down on from some far pinnacle of birth and culture. But it really is not a question of the middle classes. No duke, no "dicker," nobody, no man civilized or savage, would have or could have behaved with SHELLEY's serene absurdity of callousness and cruelty. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that SHELLEY's ideas about marriage were correct. Of course he only acted on them when it suited him. He got himself as securely wedded by orthodox forms as he possibly could. He accepted the ordinary legal situation when it suited him and MARY and GODWIN. He played the regular game, which, as a disbeliever in "the long rubber of connubial life," of course he should not have done. Then when it suited him he broke the rules of the game, in accordance with his well-known principles. He should, of course, have done one thing or the other. If marriage was a vain thing foolishly devised by kings and priests, then he should not have married, first HARRIET, and then MARY. But, having married, he was just as much bound to HARRIET as Mr. BUMBLE to Mrs. BUMBLE. But, it may be said, SHELLEY was only doing his best for the women and their interests. But it was in regard to them that this lover of humanity proved so cruel. The cruelty of asking HARRIET to be the guest of himself and MARY, to come like the old-fashioned bride's-maid on the honeymoon, is obscured by the rich absurdity of the proposition. Mr. SALT calls this "an outrage on conventional propriety." Why it is an outrage on the elemental feelings of human beings, which probably no Asiatic despot, no negro voluptuary ever contemplated as feasible. The real difficulty about all these ideal schemes of free love is, of course, the cruelty of the arrangement. One of the partners must be sacrificed to the passions of the other. Both do not simultaneously wish to be off with the old love and on with the new. Even if children did not exist, with their interests, no man of heart, no woman of heart, would sacrifice the old partner to the new conceit. These remarks are elementary; they are part of universal experience; these facts have expressed themselves in the civilized institution of monogamy, which can only be overthrown in a general reversion to savagery, polygamy, polyandry, promiscuity. But SHELLEY, of all men, not only disregarded the laws of the game and was unfaithful. That is a common performance; thousands of persons do as much. But he alone asked the woman he had deserted—the woman who still loved him—to come and see how happy he was with MARY. And he alone, like a new kind of "ALPHONSE," took money from one woman that he might live with another. Perhaps Mr. SALT is equally lonely in his opinion that this is only "a shock to conventional propriety." It is an outrage on those emotions of kindness and affection about which SHELLEY said so much, and in accordance with which,

in other affairs, he often acted with much nobility of conduct. Mr. SALT in vain argues that SHELLEY was only acting on his principles, which told him "his marital relations towards HARRIET were absolutely at an end." So they were, but that was no reason why she should be the guest of his mistress, nor why he should take money from her, of all people in the world. Mr. SALT says that Mr. ARNOLD is horrified by the "vulgarity" of GODWIN and his set. Vulgarities! To take money by stealth from the man who has gone off, to your extreme indignation, with your daughter! Why, GODWIN was precisely in the position of M. CARDINAL, and adopted the very attitude of that fiery Republican. In fact, GODWIN and M. CARDINAL, in this matter, are one and the same; yet GODWIN was an educated philosopher who talked about Virtue by the hour. And Mr. SALT accuses Mr. ARNOLD of a "debilitating sense of respectability"! GODWIN sold his daughter's shame, and asked that SHELLEY's cheques might be made payable to some other name. This kind of austerity does not shock respectability alone. It exceeds the inventions of HALÉVY or MOLIÈRE, and might have made TARTUFE blush. It almost seems as if Mr. SALT had forgotten the facts of the case, and the "respectabilities" which pervaded that shabby Thyestean house of the philosopher GODWIN.

As to SHELLEY's "inflammability," only this need be said. The people were right who thought that his behaviour to the unhappy EMILIA VIVIANI was that of a sweetheart to a serving-girl, and a very shabby sweetheart at that.

THE GREATNESS OF MR. GLADSTONE AND THE SMALLNESS OF ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE (on the authority of Lord LYTON, on the authority of M. DE BLOWITZ) is the most illustrious of Lord LYTON's countrymen. We should like to be quite certain of the original form and language (especially the latter) of this statement; but we do not entertain much fear that we should find ourselves at variance with the sentiments which HER MAJESTY's present Ambassador at Paris intended to express after these points were ascertained. Let it be admitted that Mr. GLADSTONE is an illustrious (certainly, if we may borrow the form from Trotting Nelly, he is an "illustrated") Englishman. He has been Prime Minister three times; he has been more *remuant* (the French language is a great language) than any man of his time; he has the scalps of a hundred institutions hanging in his wigwag; he has betrayed more parties than any three other men have had time, energy, or will to belong to. Of anything that he has, in the emphatic Carlylian sense, "done" we at least are ignorant, though he has undone much. But still it may be admitted that there is only one Mr. GLADSTONE; and unicity is always something, and in its way an illustrious thing. For the light shines on the good and on the evil, and especially on the more prominent objects in both classes.

It was well and fitting (we say this without any irony) that Mr. GLADSTONE (who by his own account has gone there, not as a holiday-maker, but out of goodwill and respect to France) should be banquetted in Paris. M. TIRARD is not quite of the same calibre as M. LÉON SAY; M. YVES GUYOT not entirely of the same class with M. JULES SIMON. But far be it from us to say unkind things of any person who met other persons to do honour to one of the most "illustrious" statesmen of a neighbouring country. The mind which is nothing if not critical may, indeed, take exception to the statement that Mr. GLADSTONE has always "taken the side of the victims." We should say ourselves that he has always taken the side of the victims who looked as if they were going to win; but this is a mere *nuance*, which a foreigner might easily miss. When, too, M. SAY says that Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence is "drawn from that which is 'purest in antiquity,'" we cannot help remembering the much greater ease with which the obscurest passages of DEMOSTHENES, let alone CICERO, can be construed as compared with the easiest passages of Mr. GLADSTONE. To some minds, M. SAY's touching description of "the oppressed, the feeble, and the forsaken" calls up no image so vivid and exactly correspondent as that of an Irish landlord, and Mr. GLADSTONE has been of late not exactly distinguished as a defender of *him*. But let us not insist coarsely on these points. Mr. GLADSTONE's own speech in reply to this compliment appears to have been, as might be expected, graceful and ingenious. The "Christianity" of France under the

Republic has, perhaps, not impressed other nations to the same extent to which it has impressed Mr. GLADSTONE. The excellent conduct of the French Republican Government at, let us say, the moment of Mr. GLADSTONE's conquest of Egypt is not a subject on which the ghost of M. GABRIEL CHARMES and the living presence of his brother M. FRANCIS can be expected to be quite so enthusiastic as Mr. GLADSTONE is. But we repeat that it was a very pretty speech, and there was an audacity almost humorous about its last paragraph in the reference to the proud motto of an Indian College, *Ne facias tui culpa minorem*. It is good advice and bold to France where many Frenchmen have been making their country *minorem* for many years. It is bold, if not good, from the lips of the statesman who for many years has laboured to do the same in his own country, who lost us the Transvaal, who brought on us the indelible shame of the Khartoum abandonment, and who is still trying to lop off, or paralyse, an integral part of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. These audacities are perhaps less pleasant from a man who has not, as SAINT-BEUVE says, "le sentiment personnel du ridicule" than from one who has; but they are still pleasant.

It was when Mr. GLADSTONE, according to M. DE BLOWITZ, unexpectedly took to toasting, not France, but America, that the real interest of the occasion came in. Great men are apt to be seized by these innocent fits of acappapation. It will be remembered that Captain COSTIGAN at a dinner held in his honour behaved in no very different manner on that ever-memorable occasion. The Captain not only responded for his own health, but for his daughter's, for the Army, and (preventing Mr. BINGLEY the manager) for the Drama and the Chatteris Theatre. So, to compare small things with great, did Mr. GLADSTONE, at a dinner given to himself, propose the health of Mr. JEFFERSON BRICK—we beg pardon, of Mr. SUMMERVILLE TUCK—coupled with prosperity to the United States. And in proposing this toast Mr. GLADSTONE gave vent to some of his best arithmetic and some of his most heartfelt sentiments. He pointed out that, in another hundred years, probably six hundred millions of "humans" would call Uncle Sam father—an estimate surpassing the foresight even of Mr. WALT WHITMAN, who has been contented with anticipating the time when "a hundred millions of superb persons" will walk "These States." With this Mr. GLADSTONE, in a parenthetic smile of pity, contrasted the forty millions of "our small islands." We pass the little problem whether the comparison of our smallness now with a prospective greatness a hundred years after date is quite fair; but it is really interesting to find Mr. GLADSTONE still harping on the word "small" in reference to England. It is a kind of catchword with him; he can seldom enter on any subject of the kind without bringing it in. And this introduces us to our chief subject—the interesting contrast between the greatness of Mr. GLADSTONE and the smallness of England. There have been—this is a proposition which the most fervent Gladstonians will hardly contest—great men in England before Mr. GLADSTONE, though, of course, none so great. Yet, somehow or other, an historical memory of tolerable range and exactness does not supply us with the name of any of them who took this curious pleasure in belittling his country. Of course we take no count of an old dotard like JOHN OF GAUNT, reported by a poor player, one WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, to have spoken with his dying breath some lines (it is true they are among the noblest ever written; but no matter for that) about "This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle." That is only poetry; and, besides, Mr. GLADSTONE may justly urge that even the Duke of LANCASTER called it a "little world." But, to come to more prosaic things and to mere statesmen, we run over the names of CROMWELL, of the two PITTS, of PALMERSTON, of LORD BEACONSFIELD even, to come to very close quarters. How would this talk about smallness seem to suit any of their mouths? Why, very ill certainly. And the reason, of course, is that Mr. GLADSTONE is so much greater than any of them. To a small man, you see, small things seem great; to a great one even tolerably great things seem small. This is undeniable; and much comfort may be imbibed from it by the mind of the doubter about Mr. GLADSTONE's greatness (if haply there be anywhere such an impious man), or the doubter about England's greatness, of which class, unluckily, there seem to be a good many too many about. All things are relative; and England only seems small to Mr. GLADSTONE in the same sense as a guinea seemed small to those City magnates who are said, to the great solace and comfort of the medical profession, to

have disdained paying except in cheques, and drawing cheques for anything less than five pounds. It is true that M. DE BLOWITZ has an explanation of a much more commonplace kind. He thinks that Mr. GLADSTONE "wished to make himself agreeable to a country which is the refuge of the Irish beyond the Atlantic." M. DE BLOWITZ has not studied his American papers, or he would know that, if there is any country which at this present moment wishes that the celebrated wish about Ireland and the Atlantic were realized, and that all the Irish-Americans had taken a fancy to visit the home of their ancestors immediately before the realization, that country is the United States of America. But M. DE BLOWITZ has too much on his mind to be acquainted with the details of American politics, which indeed might puzzle a man more *malin* than himself. No! the true explanation of Mr. GLADSTONE's handsome though rather post-dated present of six hundred millions of gasping ones to America a hundred years hence, and of his regretful acknowledgment of the smallness of England now, lies in his own greatness. Six hundred thousand millions probably represent the number of persons to whom Mr. GLADSTONE feels that he could be a worthy Prime Minister. What a pity that he should waste himself upon a paltry forty!

GREASED-POLE-CLIMBING.

MOST people who read their newspapers know that there was a boat-race in the early part of this week between two professional scullers, of whom one came from Australia and the other from Canada; and, further, that one was called SEARLE and the other O'CONNOR, and that one of them won decisively, if not easily. For the present purpose it will be as well to bear in mind that the Australian won, and the Canadian lost. The winner's name was SEARLE, though that is neither here nor there.

Upon these facts a person, signing himself "Australian," has addressed a remonstrance to us, his fellow-subjects of the United Kingdom, through the columns of a morning newspaper. He asks to be allowed to explain "how disappointed" he was "at the apathy shown" here on the occasion in question. "In English Society the event" "went simply without notice." It would, indeed, be difficult to define even that most elastic phrase, "English Society," in such a manner as to rob "Australian's" statement of its melancholy accuracy. "Whereas," proceeds our antipodean fellow-subject, "such an event would occupy Melbourne or Sydney for a month, to the exclusion of almost every other topic." Happy is the colony that has—so much in common with the alleged friends of Mr. PETER MAGNUS. "Australian" can "remember last November, when SEARLE won the Championship, George Street, Sydney, was covered with his portraits," and at a race-meeting at Melbourne he "excited far more attention" than the Governor of Victoria. Very likely he did. It is probable that a month ago Mrs. MAYBRICK excited far more attention than, let us say, Mr. GLADSTONE. And then, again, a contrast is drawn with a melancholy as truthful as it is grim. "Whereas in London he has excited less attention" "than we [Australians?] would give to a contest for climbing a greased pole."

If it is true, as sporting correspondents have not scrupled to allege, that Australian sportsmen have transferred from Canadian pockets to their own the modest sum of 80,000*l.*, solely by their justifiable confidence in Mr. SEARLE's powers with the sculls, there is no need to endure much sympathetic anguish in consequence of the Strand not being covered with his portraits or because the public mind condescended to notice the Tithes Bill, the MAYBRICK case, the dock strike, and the St. Leger. No one can dispute the substantial truth of the statement that the inhabitants of the United Kingdom do care uncommonly little whether an Australian or a Canadian is champion sculler of the world. They would rather prefer that sublime personage to be one of themselves; and, if he cannot be that, they are justly pleased that he should be a subject of the QUEEN's rather than an American citizen. The probability of his being somebody without any British blood at all has not yet emerged into the range of practical athletics. The explanation of this "apathy" is, upon the face of things, not far to seek, and divers small suggestions might be made, such as that "English Society," in several senses of the words, is most of it gone away, and largely beyond the reach even of the daily newspapers, and that professional

athletes who choose to perform in the first week of September really cannot expect the rank and fashion of the metropolis to swarm round the scene of their contests. But "Australian" explains the phenomenon he so much resents in a far more wholesale fashion. He says there is "a great and growing lack of interest in sporting matters in England which has resulted in the present humiliating position of that country in matters of sport." We cannot, it seems, either row, box, or run as well as the second-rate men of New South Wales. "W. G. GRACE is the only champion you have in any department." And the cause of all this humiliation is, that though great athletes may exist among us as of old, "there is next to no inducement for them to come out before the public." The argument seems to be that, if we would only cover our streets with pictures of professional boxers, oarsmen, and what not, and mob them at race-meetings, we should still be able to take our fair share of championships of the world. It is certainly refreshing to be told that men like ROBERTS, the late FRED. ARCHER, LOHMANN, and a whole host of professional athletes of other varieties, are languishing in the cold shade of public indifference. We shall not say a word to deny the impeachment. But there is one thing in "Australian's" letter which is not altogether clear to the reflective mind. Why does he think so poorly of climbing greased poles? To climb a greased pole higher and quicker than any one else is an elevating pastime. It requires skill, strength, judgment, and pertinacity. It exercises nearly all the most important muscles of the body. He who can climb a greased pole can *à fortiori* climb one which is not greased; and to be able to climb a pole may at any moment be an invaluable accomplishment, tending to the preservation of property, life, or even honour. If anybody likes to set up a championship contest for climbing a greased pole, we shall watch the proceedings with the same benevolent interest which we accord to other branches of professional athletics, and shall hope that the champion may occasionally be English. But for some inexplicable reason "Australian" seems to think that particular sport degrading. It is certainly manly.

LORD RANDOLPH'S RECANTATION.

IT is superfluous, and fortunately so, since it might perhaps be deemed a little ungracious, to scrutinize too closely the good faith of LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S recent palinode. That he should have composed and chanted it at all is, for all the practical ends of politics, sufficient. The grace is in the performance of the act, and not in the way in which it is performed. It is enough that it testifies to LORD RANDOLPH'S desire not to separate himself avowedly from his party; not to put himself forward, or even to be supposed by the public to be desirous of figuring, as the organizer of a Conservative Cave; and that it reveals him as aspiring to the less picturesque but more innocent position of an advanced, but still loyal, member of a party who, however desirous he may be to indoctrinate it with his peculiar views, will always be willing, in the last resort, to subordinate those views to its deliberate collective judgment. LORD RANDOLPH'S anxiety to regain this position is visible in every line of his Newtown speech, and its intensity is measured by the laboriousness of his endeavour to show that his utterances at Birmingham were no more than logical and legitimate application of principles advocated, in common with himself, by the Conservative party at large. To say that this attempt was entirely successful would, of course, be going a good deal too far. Entirely successful it was not, and could not be; and, indeed, the task of justifying himself all round was recognized as so hopeless by the apologist himself that he quietly suppressed some three or four counts in the indictment which has been framed against them, and passed them over without any effort at an answer. Thus he said nothing about Egypt, which six weeks ago he was calling upon HER MAJESTY'S Government to evacuate out of hand. He made no attempt to explain away his loose and vague talk in the Midlands about the law of primogeniture. The eight hours question, on which at Birmingham he declared himself prepared to go greater lengths in the direction of paternal legislation than Mr. JOHN MORLEY, for instance, would be prepared to follow him, never put in an appearance at all in the Newtown speech. And to observe that LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was compelled to suppress these little matters altogether from sheer inability to reconcile his former deliverances about them with his resumed

attitude of orthodox Conservatism is, in effect, equivalent to remarking that at the points at which apology was most difficult the apologist has tacitly confessed his failure.

At the same time, however, we are not disposed to agree with those among LORD RANDOLPH'S critics who have treated his plea for the Conservative orthodoxy of his opinions in general as a mere tissue of verbal ingenuities. There is, in our judgment, a great deal more in it than that, and we feel constrained to admit, in justice to the pleader, that a considerable portion of his Birmingham confession of faith was, as he argues, no more than the legitimate expression of a good deal that passes for orthodox Conservatism in these days, and is held, no doubt, in a more or less confused fashion, but still held, by a good many of the Birmingham confessor's scandalized critics. When, for instance, LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL reviewed his former utterances on the question of dealing with "the evil arising from the disgraceful condition of the dwellings which are inhabited by the larger portion of our labouring population," and when he proceeded to compare his proposals for attacking this evil with those which have been approved by politicians high in repute with the Conservative party, we are bound to admit that he made out a very good case. Of course his language was marked by his characteristic exaggeration, and his views put forward in that peculiarly over-emphatic and *staccato* style to which he has accustomed his public. It is no doubt recklessly absurd to talk of the "larger portion" of "our labouring population" as inhabiting dwellings in a disgraceful condition; and no doubt LORD RANDOLPH stated his proposed remedies as if he meant them—it being one of the best-known and most effective points of his oratory that it always gives him the appearance of very much meaning what he says, whereas the average Conservative who is fond of tickling the ears of popular audiences on these subjects produces quite an opposite impression. But after all due deduction on this head it is not easy to dispute LORD RANDOLPH'S contention that whatever there is of "Communist" or "Socialistic," or of the "many other bad adjectives ending in istic," about his views, is just as discernible on examination in the views of statesmen who are accepted as authorized spokesmen of the Conservative party. So again, too, with the question of temperance legislation. On this LORD RANDOLPH has expressed himself, as on other subjects, in an ultra-Randolphian manner. No man calling himself a moderate Conservative, or indeed a moderate anything, would talk about the "detestable and devilish liquor traffic"; partly because it is abusive nonsense to talk in that fashion of a trade which supplies the legitimate and wholesome wants of millions, and partly because a moderate Conservative would know that, if he did talk in that fashion, he would be justly endangering his reputation either for Conservatism, for moderation, or for both. But it is one thing to censure excess in language, and another to show that the man who errs in this respect can be shown to have exceeded the limits of principle which his censors themselves recognize; and we are very strongly of opinion that many a censor of LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL who has had little difficulty in performing the first of these feats would find himself sorely put to it to accomplish the second. It is quite possible for a politician, without dealing in such adjectives as "detestable" and "devilish" on his own account, to commit himself to such a policy on the drink question as is, to all intents and purposes, based on the assumption that the licensed victualler, as such, is an offender against the community, and entitled, therefore, not to receive as of right, but merely, if at all, of grace, the treatment accorded by the Legislature to other persons engaged in other lawful trades. So, again, with the question of a constructive policy of Ireland. It is true enough, as LORD RANDOLPH says, that "five-sixths of the Unionist party are deeply pledged to the establishment of Local Government in Ireland." Equally true is it, as he says, that the same proportion of the party are as deeply pledged to the abolition of the present system of the dual ownership of land in Ireland, or, in other words, are pledged to assist the tenant, by Imperial aid, to purchase out the remaining rights of landlords. And when LORD RANDOLPH proceeds to contend, as he did at Birmingham, and as he was careful not to disown doing at Newtown—that the establishment of Local Government must precede, and not follow, legislation for land purchase—he is merely giving definite shape to a vague political programme which is almost as often to be found in the mouths of Conservatives as in those of Liberal-Unionists, but which only needs to be set forth

with the clearness and precision which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has given to it in order to accuse itself as founded upon a fatally foolish reversal of the only safe and wise order of legislative procedure.

It is for reasons suggested by declarations of this kind that we are disposed to regard Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S occasional escapades with less impatience, perhaps, than the majority of his critics. To us they appear, we must say, to serve the by no means valueless purpose of holding up the mirror—we do not mean the *St. James's Gazette*—to a certain kind of latter-day Conservatism, and compelling those who profess it to observe what spirit they are of. Of course they do not relish the process—no one in like circumstances ever does—but the process is, nevertheless, a salutary and useful one, to others beside themselves. It cannot but be instructive, not only to the Conservative party, but to the public at large, to be thus pointedly reminded that so-called Tory Democracy finds exponents among a not inconsiderable class of so-called Conservatives who shrink from labelling themselves as Tory Democrats, and that the dashing politician who has definitely adopted that title has no difficulty in showing, when it suits him to do so, that his political doctrines differ only in vigour of expression from those held under another name by these his unavowed disciples. It must do good all round to have this fact brought out so clearly as it has been in Lord RANDOLPH'S recent speeches. That latest form of Conservatism which relies for its popularity on repeating the jargon of the Radical on a variety of social and political questions can only be effectively exposed as a sham through the instrumentality of some titular member of the Conservative party, who finds his account like Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in taking this jargon seriously, and in translating its vague generalities into the language of definite political action. The confusion and embarrassment with which a plainspoken exposition of this sort is then received by the Conservatives who affect the talk of Radicalism without realizing the full import of the principles which underlie it afford significant proof of the futility of such bids for popular favour, and will, we may hope, do much to discourage their repetition.

"WHAT IS A POUND?"

LANDLORDS of English country inns may once more lift up their heads, if not their prices, now that Mr. A. J. BUTLER has confessed to a little exaggeration in his comparative estimate of foreign and English hotel charges. When he wrote that you could not get your bare board and lodging, unless you were an ascetic, for less than one pound a day, it seems he was only trying to "draw" the other side. It was a little judicious move, Mr. BUTLER admits, in order to set the game going, and it succeeded tolerably well. "Tour out, Tour out," a well-known phrase in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, seems to have been present, in a punning sense, to Mr. BUTLER'S ingenuous mind. From the first we suspected something of the kind. It is a far cry, however, from one pound a day, which was originally fixed by Mr. BUTLER as the minimum sum total exacted by innkeepers in the South-Eastern quarter, to the half a guinea which he is now quite content to accept as nearer the mark. To bring this more modest sum a trifle nearer his first estimate he includes a little wine bill—a mere bagatelle of three shillings for a bottle of claret—apparently forgetful of the fact that he made no mention of wine when extolling the excellence of the Meran hostelry. If this is another attempt at drawing his opponents, it cannot be commended as judicious. Why should Mr. BUTLER assume that the traveller would drink beer or water in the Engadine, and follow more luxurious ways at Dorking? The assumption is altogether gratuitous, and does little to advance Mr. BUTLER'S argument. It leaves us a long way on the wrong side of the one pound bare board minimum. Most English travellers, we are confident, drink far more wine on the Continent than when engaged on tours in their own country. Naturally they drink the cheap wines of the country in Germany, France, and Italy, just as they consume the equivalents of those ordinary drinks—ales and cider—at home. After all is said, the cheapness of these things is not to be arrived at by a mere comparison of tariffs. A bottle of claret in an English inn, at three shillings, may be, and often is, a palatable beverage compared with some of the country wines of Switzerland and Italy, which are nevertheless constantly swallowed by

the hardy sons of Albion when travelling abroad. On the important subject of quality Mr. BUTLER is singularly vague. He cites a little bill incurred at a village in the Lower Engadine, which is, indeed, miraculously cheap, if figures prove anything. Among other interesting items we have sixty centimes for wine. What this wine was we are not informed, nor whether its character was not so aggressive as to require an inordinate quantity of water to temper it to an educated palate. All that Mr. BUTLER vouchsafes is a general verdict that everything, food and drink alike, was excellent of its kind. In the absence of more explicit information we are perfectly willing to believe the statement that we might fare quite as well in many a Tyrolean inn for three shillings and sixpence a day as Mr. BUTLER fared in the Lower Engadine inns for six shillings.

Until travellers arrive at some common ground of accord as to what constitutes cheapness there can be no prospect of any settlement of the question discussed by Mr. BUTLER. Most tourists do not go abroad for the sake of the few shillings a day they may possibly save, or because they are convinced it is cheaper to see Switzerland or Germany than to travel at home. They desire a more piquant form of novelty or change than they can obtain in the South-Eastern counties or the placid Midlands. They are generally possessed, in a minor degree, with the ancient passion for things new or strange. They would study men's minds and manners with ULYSSES, and care nothing that they are compelled to do so at crowded tables-d'hôte or on steamers and railroads. It is not because English inns are less home-like than foreign hotels that so few native tourists take up quarters in the Home counties. Nor would the annual rush of tourists to the Continent be perceptibly reduced by the establishment of model Tyrolean hotels in this country, with tariffs and accommodation such as Mr. BUTLER would approve. The allurements of travel are not comprised in these base matters. People are impelled to seek the unfamiliar by a resistless migratory instinct. They rightly, if possessed of the genuine locomotive disposition, "reject the lore of nicely calculated less or more," in which Mr. BUTLER and the correspondents he has "drawn" are so remarkably proficient. A graceless tourist is he who is in the least perturbed because Mr. BUTLER was lodged at a Tyrolean inn for one franc and a half, and "F. J. W.'s" double-bedded room cost nine shillings at Heidelberg, and four at another place. Better is it to emulate the commercial gentleman in *Punch* who immortalized an inn by the recollection of a generous leg of mutton than to be stretched on the rack of doubt by an exasperating comparison of his hotel bills with the more economical tariffs of Mr. BUTLER'S experience.

THE LAST MURDER.

THE inexpressibly disgusting subject of the Whitechapel murders is not to be exhausted yet, obviously. Although all the publicity and comment which is occasionally praised as an assistance to the police has been so utterly useless in these cases that it might as well be omitted, and though there is even some possibility that the noise they are certain to make is an incentive to the crimes, we have had all the familiar newspaper matter over again about the discovery of Tuesday morning. In itself the discovery is not a novel one. It has been a not unusual incident in criminal history since the time of KATHARINE HAYES, and even before, to find the remains of a human body dismembered and hidden away. Indeed, it is only a few days since some such discovery was made in Edinburgh—without, it may be added, convulsing that city. Even in London comparatively little would have been heard of the remains if it were not for the neighbourhood in which they were discovered. But, being found in Whitechapel, they were at once supposed to indicate that another of the usual murders had been committed. There was consequently a great deal of the customary talk about them.

Whether the unknown brute for whom a popular name has been invented has been at work again is a question which may serve as well as many another for a block to chop logic upon. It is a plausible theory that he is at work, and is altering his method to puzzle the police. It is a probable opinion that somebody has been endeavouring to imitate him with just the same intention. There is some appearance of force in the arguments for the contention that neither one thing is the case nor the other. There being nothing worth calling evidence to go by, the occasion

is excellent for guessing and sending letters to the papers. Perhaps as profitable a comment as another to make is that, after all, the whole business—Whitechapel murder or imitation of Whitechapel murder—is not so amazing as much comment would seem to make it. The original murderer is, to begin with, probably not much more of a fiend than many others who, for want of a little resolution and a little industry, never get further than the police court. The husband who pulls his hobnailed boots on before kicking his pregnant wife—the mother who burns her daughter with a red-hot poker, so as to inflict life-long injury on her, are both of them as bestial as human beings can be. Such animals would have no more scruple about taking life, or sense of reverence for a dead body, than the Whitechapel murderer himself. Where bestiality of this kind is combined with a diseased imagination, and encouraged by impunity, it would probably add crime to crime for that mere pleasure in inflicting pain and exercising power which prompts a great deal of minor cruelty. That such crimes should be committed with impunity is no more wonderful than that BURKE went on for so long undiscovered—indeed, it is less surprising. In the case of BURKE and HARE there was a risk of treachery, which apparently does not exist here, for all the signs show that the Whitechapel murderer works alone. As long as he does so, and as long as there are women who will prostitute themselves to him in any hole, he may go on murdering. What he can do, others can do. It is idle to be horrified at the prospect, and worse than idle to talk about disgraces to our civilization, and to blame the police. The amazing want of even a rudimentary sense of the ridiculous which distinguishes the *Daily News* has led it to remark that this sort of thing would not happen if the police had not been called off from their proper duties to interfere with the freedom of Mr. BURNS's hired strikers. We do not see how the police can protect those who slink out of sight to avoid its control. If it is really wished to give effectual protection to the miserable women of the class which has supplied the victims of these crimes, there is an obvious way of doing it; but that way is one which in these days would be denounced by the whole army of shriekers.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS, like other things, obey the law of "it never rains but it pours," and just at this moment a batch of considerable interest is coming on. The latest addition to this batch, the vacancy at Peterborough, caused by the early and most regretted death of Mr. FITZWILLIAM, removes a young and very promising member of Parliament of a particularly good type. But, putting private and personal matters aside, it is chiefly noteworthy as having given a fresh example of that incurable want of foresight which no amount of preaching seems to be able to remove. The Unionist majority at Peterborough was by no means very large, and the Gladstonians have for some time had an accepted candidate to run at the first vacancy. But the sitting member was a young man; there appeared to be no immediate necessity for a second string, and accordingly we are told "the Unionists are totally unprepared." If the seat is lost, which we sincerely trust it will not be, this want of preparation will be the reason.

In three of the other vacant constituencies a good fight is going on; it seems to be doubtful whether the fourth, Dundee, will be seriously fought. Mr. JOHN LENG, the selected Gladstonian candidate, is a very strong candidate indeed. As he is an excellent man of business, and is believed to possess ability of other kinds, it may be presumed that his Home Rule politics are a mere accident, and that he would have been equally strong for Coercion if Mr. GLADSTONE had continued to coerce. Dundee, which is a very Radical constituency, and has elected Radicals when they were the merest carpet-baggers, must be capricious if Mr. LENG does not suit it. He is, however, a capitalist; the "labour" party is very strong in the town of jute, and there is, or ought to be, a stout Unionist minority. Had Mr. JOHN BURNS come forward in earnest as a Socialist candidate there might have been a chance for honest men, and even as it is it is sincerely to be hoped that, split or no split, a Unionist candidate will be run. If you fight you may be defeated, but you certainly cannot win if you don't fight. This elementary proposition has not been neglected in the three remaining constituencies—one Scotch, two English—which are memberless. Mr. CHAPLIN's re-election by a

handsome majority in the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire ought not to be doubtful; but his opponent, Mr. OTTER, is a well-known local man who has won a similar battle before now, and who has summoned all the professional craft of those about Mr. SCHNADHORST to his aid. The fight in North Bucks has at least one thing to recommend it, that both the candidates have good local connexions. Captain VERNEY, the Gladstonian, has been a busy politician who has never displayed much ability, but who can talk well enough. His silly revival, however, of the silly cry about Pigottism looks as if he had not found much to talk about on this occasion. Mr. HUBBARD is less personally known, and the majority by which his brother beat Captain VERNEY was anything but large, so that the fight will in any case be a narrow one. The best chance of positively winning a seat is in Morayshire. This was for long one of the chief Tory strongholds in Scotland, and it was lost fifteen years ago less by the personal popularity of the present Duke of FIFE (then Lord MACDUFF) and his father, though this helped, than by extraordinarily bad management on the other side. Once lost, however, it has never been recovered by the Tories, though some good fights have been made; and even the split in the Gladstonian party did not enable a Unionist to come in, though the late Mr. ANDERSON won very narrowly. In no part of the country, however, has it been harder to make Tories and Liberal-Unionists work together than in Scotland, and at the last election the Unionists were put to that hardest of all strains, the strain of being expected to vote for the very man they had formerly opposed. In the present contest things are better. The Unionist candidate's programme is Liberal enough, and he is at the same time Commissioner to the Dowager Countess of SEAFIELD, the chief representative of the Tory interest among landowners. And, if "Commissioners" are sometimes as unpopular as they are influential, Mr. LOGAN has the further advantage of being opposed only by Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY, who is not only a carpet-bagger, but, in another useful Americanism, one of the veriest "cranks" that even this age, fertile in cranks, has produced. Mr. KEAY has assorted, with considerable ingenuity, every extravagance of the Radical programme; but Morayshire men, who have had their share, and more, in spreading and profiting by British influence abroad, must be in a singular frame of mind indeed if they choose to be represented by the author of *Spoiling the Egyptians*.

THE MONETARY CONGRESS.

AN International Monetary Congress is sitting at Paris, together with a Spiritualist, and many other kinds of congresses. We do not note the juxtaposition as a wicked monometallist might for purposes of nihilifocification, but simply as noting the fact that, while they are discussing every conceivable subject in *la ville lumière*, they have not forgotten that champion example of the unintelligible, but highly fascinating, the single and the double standard. For the rest it would be highly unbecoming to vilipend the Congress if only because, when Mr. CHAPLIN entertained the House of Commons with a disquisition on bimetalism, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers made the coming Congress in Paris an excuse among others for declining to commit themselves to a decision for or against. It, therefore, behoves us to listen attentively for some explanation of the currency reform by which the British farmer is to be made to find the growing of corn at 30s. a quarter profitable, and he who prefers to pay his debts in a coin worth, say, 15s. is to be able to do it without loss to him who has to take the said coin as equivalent to the sovereign which he lent.

We cannot say that the opening of the Congress has been satisfactory. As was perhaps natural, the bimetalists collected in force. The monometallists were represented by one paper which the partisans of the double standard appear to have pooh-poohed. It was possibly natural that the monometallists being in possession should not bestir themselves as actively as the bimetalists who are claimants. That was only what might have been expected. Still it is not in this way that a profitable discussion is likely to be got up. If the Congress is only going to give us a repetition of the arguments which have been advanced by the bimetalists in many speeches and many letters to papers, it will, we fear, not bring us nearer to a settlement of this great debate. As yet this is all it has done. M. MAGNET repeated the woeful tale with which the world is per-

fectly familiar. He showed that the demonetization of silver has been followed by most exasperating falls and fluctuations in prices. That we knew already; but then the difficulty in this case, as in so many others, is to distinguish between *post* and *propter*. It is contended on the part of the monometallists, not without some show of argumentative force, that the fall in prices is due to many causes, quite independent of the currency. If that is so, the remonetization of silver would do us little good. We trust that this is one of the matters the Congress will thresh out. Moreover, there is one thing which the onlooker would like to have explained by the bimetalist, and it is this. If, as he asserts, the State, by declaring that so much of the metal A which bears its stamp can be exchanged for so much of the metal B, whereas they are not of the same value in the market, why should we not break away altogether from our slavery to the precious metals and accept a paper currency at once? which could be controlled as the output of silver cannot be. If it is the stamp of the State which fixes the value, why not put it on paper as well as silver? We know, as a matter of fact, that human folly will not accept a paper currency unless it has a solid metallic basis. It accepts banknotes, as we do silver, as a token as long as there is the security that gold can be got for it, and no longer. As long as that remains the case, of what avail can the fiat of the State be, except to introduce confusion into its currency? The more outspoken advocates of bimetalism openly avow their preference for it on the ground that it would enable the debtor to pay in the cheaper metal the debts he contracted in the dearer, and so deprive the creditor of the advantage he is held to have obtained by the appreciation of gold. This is natural from the debtor's point of view; but—and on this we look to receive light from the Congress—would not the remonetization of silver bring with it a fluctuation in the market of a rather severe kind? It is surely obvious that the increase would have an immediate effect on prices, or it would not. If it had, there would be one more fluctuation and one more kind of loss added to those we suffer from already. If it did not, it might do no harm to nobody; but also it would do no good. The Congress will cover itself with credit if it produces some authoritative judgment on these points. It is high time that the Congress or some other authority gave the decision, and so put a stop to a controversy which raises wild hopes in some, angry fears in others, and infinite puzzlement in yet others.

"FIRST-CLASS ORIGINAL INFORMATION."

SEVERAL points of interest have been brought out by the correspondence to which the *St. James's Gazette* has opened its columns on the subject of the American magazines; but that correspondence would have repaid itself in the single letter signed "JAMES DUNDAS." JAMES DUNDAS is well qualified, in one sense, to write about periodical literature. He is a "constant reader" with a vengeance. "I take regularly," he begins with pride—and then proceeds to enumerate the periodicals which he takes regularly, and a goodly list they make. It consists of three American and three English illustrated monthlies, and two English monthlies "plain," seven weeklies, two morning dailies, and two evening papers. All, he says, are more or less interesting; but the English monthly magazines, of which, as we have just seen, he takes in five, "I have given up," he adds, "for many years." Interpreting this somewhat mysterious statement as meaning that Mr. DUNDAS has given up those which he has ceased to take in, we pursue his letter with curiosity to learn his reason, which he evidently thinks imperatively demanded of him, for contenting himself with eight monthlies. He longs, it seems, to increase the number; but he cannot. When a new one comes out, he usually has a look at the first number, hoping to meet with some promise of better things; "but they all continue in the same bad way." The average English magazine is, alas! "almost, if not entirely, literary." "There are a couple of stories"—it is instructive to observe what first suggests itself to Mr. DUNDAS's mind under the head of literature—"and beyond that next to nothing. All the other matter is either on subjects of no general interest, or written in that roundabout, gossiping sort of way" [chatter about SHELLEY!] "which says a great deal without conveying any definite or original information of any kind." How different is the "make-up" of the

American magazines! There literature is made to know its place. The story is reduced to its proper subordinate position, and the kind of topics which fill the English magazine pages are relegated [would it not have been safe to bet any odds that Mr. DUNDAS would prefer "relegated" to "banished"!] to a few pages of small type at the end of the number. And then we come to Mr. DUNDAS's exquisite reason for preferring the main contents of the American to those of the English magazine. Here is the great secret. "The body of the number" of the American periodical is "filled with first-class original information which has not been previously published in any form."

There you have it. The magazine ought to contain information which is not only "first-class and original," and thereby distinguished from the contents of the newspapers, but "which has not been previously published in any form." This last condition seems at first sight a hard saying. A magazine editor, bound to keep up month by month a perpetual flow of information never previously published in *any* form, might well despair of success. But a glance at Mr. DUNDAS's examples reassures us. What he evidently means is information which has been published in any work which a man who has to read through four dailies, morning or evening, per diem, and seven weeklies a week, and eight monthlies a month, can be expected to find time to consult. He wants to find in our magazines "the history of our railways, our canals, seaports, potteries, textile industries, glassworks, iron and metal industries," or, in other words, the well-boiled-down contents of an encyclopædia. He wants to find in them "popular descriptions of our cathedrals"; or, in other words, a series of more or less ingenious "cuts" from local guide-books. He thinks it would be a "fertile and interesting" subject—as it would be—"to trace the history of our ships," from the short merchant barques and war "snakes" of early times to the *Great Harry*, from the *Great Harry* to the *Victory*, and from the *Victory* to the *Benbow*. But he also thinks apparently that this would be "first-class original information" which has not been previously published in any form. In all which thinkings, but especially in the last, Mr. DUNDAS proves himself to be essentially a man of his time—of the time that believes that reading is culture, and that culture may be come by, with the assistance of the magazines, in a more expeditious and pleasant way than by wading through one's "hundred best books" so declared by *plébiscite*. There is no reason why Mr. DUNDAS should care about "literary" articles, meaning "stories," and certainly no reason why he should care about politics, philosophy, theology, economics, art, science, travel, all of which subjects are supposed to be represented, and some of which are certainly over-represented, in our monthly magazines and reviews. But why he should wish to exclude all this variety of subjects from English periodicals in favour of a class of matter which is to be found in any number of familiar manuals would be unintelligible but for one reason. Mr. DUNDAS, we take it, is not a reader of books, but at the same time is laudably solicitous for what he supposes to be the improvement of his mind. And his notion of improving his mind is to stow away in it as much "first-class original information" as can be obtained in a "concise and popular form."

EGYPT.

WE are inclined to think that the sarcastic remarks which have been made on M. SPULLER's address to the young Egyptian Princes, whom he recently entertained at dinner, are a little ungenerous. M. SPULLER, say the cynics, says that Egypt will always find France ready to help her, and, lo! it is but some six weeks or so since France refused to help Egypt in the very substantial way for Egypt, and on the very easy terms for France, of giving a scratch of the pen, which, at no cost whatever to M. SPULLER or his country, would have freed the KHEDEVE's country of some 160,000*l.* per annum of burden. It is astonishing how superficial these cynics are. An illustrious person, who has recently attracted more attention than any one during the last ten years, except Mr. GLADSTONE, Jumbo, and BUFFALO BILL, has recorded the fact that, in his wide and varied experience of the human race, the most cordial friends he has ever had (except Sir GEORGE CHETWYND) have been money-lenders. *Soit*: Mr. ERNEST BENZON is in case to judge. But, take the most generous example of this most generous order of men; take Mr.

BENZON's pick of money-lenders, take (and take down) his pledge to "help" a young heir to any extent. Could it be fairly urged that he had broken this pledge by standing in the way of a horrid family solicitor (Mr. BENZON knows how objectionable family solicitors are) who proposed to free the heir from a certain portion of his liabilities? No! every fibre of the good man would revolt at such a proposition. In the first place, it is not good for heirs and Egypt to be out of debt; they are ordained to be in it, to supply the purposes of the beneficent money-lender. In the second place, can it be forgotten that it was England which planned the hideous boon referred to? No good can come from England, the land of long teeth, large feet, cowards who manage to win Waterloo and a few other battles, and incompetent financiers who somehow or other succeed in reducing the debt that France helped to pile up. There is a deficiency in "taking the point of view" which is but too unfortunately apparent in these criticisms on M. SPULLER, whose action, we are sure, every true Frenchman approved.

Meanwhile the actual governors of Egypt need trouble themselves very little about M. SPULLER. While that friend of man and of Egypt is protesting, they do. Sir FRANCIS GRENFELL's despatch at length about the battle which crushed and killed that very interesting person, WAD-EL-NJUMI (a good account of whose life would be welcome), suffers a little from the over-minuteness and tendency to award prizes to all the boys in the class which has recently exhibited itself in the bulletins of certain English generals. But it is free, on the whole, from the magniloquence of the Souakim document, and it records, if not a wholly satisfactory, yet a genuine and creditable, bit of work. If we cannot quite say *sic itur ad astra*, we can, at any rate, say "that is the way to turn interesting barbarians out of a country where they have no business." Whether it is also the way to keep the said barbarians out is a point on which we have expressed our opinions many times, and need not now repeat them. But that was not Sir FRANCIS GRENFELL's business. His colleagues in the Civil Service are doing the same sort of work in the same sort of way—improving the administration, curtailing expenses, abridging the opportunities which the enterprising Gaul (to the great wrath of the said Gaul) has been accustomed to consider as his own opportunities of amassing a decent competence, and so forth. It is all very good work, though we might perhaps wish that it were carried out with less pretence of belief in a consummation which will never come—the education of the Egyptian into the power of "walking alone"—and with less wilful blindness to what is the *unum necessarium*, the restoration of Egypt's hold on the Upper Nile. However, so long as the immediate things are done well, the others may no doubt, to a certain extent, be left to take care of themselves—or, in other words, to grow to such a point that we shall have to take care of them, whether we will or no. It is not a strictly philosophical course of proceeding, but it is very English; and English courses of proceeding have, in spite of philosophy, had indifferent good success before now.

PHYSICAL "EXAMINATIONS."

ACTING upon a hint thrown out in the last Report of the Civil Service Commissioners, Sir FRANCIS GALTON has applied his mind to the question of the "advisability of assigning marks for bodily efficiency in the examinations of the candidates for the public services," and has just read a paper on the subject to the Anthropological Section of the British Association. Whether the matter will ever be practically taken up by the authorities who regulate these examinations it is too soon to say; but, in the meantime, the preliminary inquiries instituted on this question by Sir F. GALTON and others have been productive of at least one enlightening result. They have shown, at any rate, the erroneousness of the War Office theory that literary examinations are in themselves "indirect tests of bodily efficiency"—a theory amazingly opposed to the once popular belief that "high intellect" is usually associated with a "stunted" and weakly frame." The fact that two absolutely contradictory dogmas find favour on any obscure or unexplored subject is generally a good *prima facie* ground for suspecting that neither of them is true; and such would seem to be the case in the present instance. Dr. VENN, we are told by Sir F. GALTON, took "measurements" of 1,095 Cambridge students, divided into the three

classes of (1) high-honour men, (2) low-honour men and (3) poll-men—that is to say, men who did not compete for honours, but took an ordinary pass degree. The result was that the physical efficiency proved to be almost exactly the same, "except that there appeared to be a slight deficiency of eyesight among the high-honour men." Otherwise, they are alike throughout, alike in their average bodily efficiency, and alike in the frequency with which different degrees of bodily efficiency were distributed among them. Hence the fact that a man has succeeded in a literary examination does not give the slightest clue to the character of his physical powers and the view of the War Office that literary examinations are indirect tests of bodily efficiency—if this is the view of the War Office, for the military authorities do no more than declare themselves "completely satisfied with the physique of the young men who come to them through our examinations"—is shown to be erroneous: Q. E. D.

The demonstration, however, does not, it must be owned, carry us much further for the present. Sir F. GALTON contends quite logically that, as the intellectual differences between candidates near the line which divides success from failure are usually small, whereas their physical differences are as great as among an equal number of the other candidates taken at random, it would be "most reasonable, whenever two candidates are almost on a par intellectually, though one is far superior physically, that the latter should be preferred." This, adds Sir F. GALTON, "is practically all I propose." Now we shall certainly not be suspected of any prejudice against any proposal which might promise to correct some of the defects of a too "bookish" system of competitive examination for posts requiring many other qualities besides those of the student. Our natural prepossessions are, on the contrary, all in favour of such a proposal; and we ought, therefore, to have the credit of impartial critics when we express a doubt as to whether the scheme of physical examination which Sir F. GALTON then proceeded to explain is capable of being applied on any scale so large as to justify its elaborate character. No doubt the general principle is plain enough. Candidate A, a little inferior intellectually to Candidate B, but physically much superior, ought to be preferred to him. On that we are agreed; but, then, the mere fact that the physical superiority of the former must, by the hypothesis, be well marked (for preference in this case is all that Sir F. GALTON "practically proposes") would appear to render his method of "diagrams" and "isograms," and all the rest of it, a needlessly troublesome and minute mode of ascertaining a fact which would or should be almost patent to the senses. The only case in which, as it seems to us, Sir F. GALTON's machinery would be necessary at all would be when it was a question as to which of two just defeated candidates, nearly equal in superior strength, should be preferred to a successful candidate with a few more marks than either of them, and physically far inferior to both. Cases of this kind, however, will surely be too rare to make the machinery in question repay the cost and trouble of setting it up. And once go beyond this point—once suppose the intellectual difference between two candidates, as measured by marks, to be at all substantial—and we immediately find ourselves landed in the necessarily insoluble difficulty of striking a balance between two sets of qualifications which are not *in pari materia*, and deciding how much eyesight is to reckon against a lack of historical dates, how much lung capacity is to atone for shaky mathematics.

MORE CURIOUS CURIOS.

INDIA is the home of curious curios—we incline to add, as of all other charming things, but our generation is unprepared to receive this startling pronouncement. The enthusiast must restrain himself awhile; not for long, if the conversion of the Philistine goes on at its present rate. It is not yet forty years since the Commissioners of our first Exhibition issued their Report, if we reckon by time; but a cycle in the history of ethics has gone by since the chosen representatives of taste and judgment in this realm could declare, with official solemnity, that the arts of India have not advanced beyond primitive types, and are, flatly, "immature and imperfect." You may still find books upon architecture which contain no reference to the great Indian monuments; or, more grotesquely barbarous yet, give a few patronizing words to the Taj, as though that were the only one even deserving mention. We ourselves have seen nearly all the grandest and most famous works of human genius—not with a tourist's glance, but with the leisurely survey of weeks and

months. Palmyra and Pæstum, and the Moorish trophies of Spain, have still to be visited, but we think of no others. Saving the Acropolis, not one can compare with the Taj Mahal, Akber's palace at Agra, and—in a different style—the palace at Delhi. But these are only the supreme examples. Wherever the Pathans set up their rule beauty and taste gathered round them.

Entertaining this view of Indian art, it may be credited that a gentle form of hypochondria possessed us while dwelling in that glorious land. Columns, we thought just now, would not suffice for a mere list of the strange and lovely things noted there. But, on grasping the pen, reflection chills our eagerness. So many and such excellent books have been published lately on this theme that very few styles of art or handicraft worth describing remain undescribed. We have no intention of naming curios which are registered in Baden Powell or Birdwood; and how many have escaped those industrious and sympathetic observers? Moreover, the public had an opportunity to make its own studies at South Kensington a short time ago, and it appears to have used them. Our reminiscences of India, therefore, will be brief. The very oddest curio observed there—and, indeed, elsewhere—was the dress of a woman belonging, probably, to one of the hill peoples about Simla. We came upon her, with her friends, when leading our pony up a mountain track; they had halted in their descent. Close scrutiny was out of the question; the pundits of Simla could not understand our report; and we were almost inclined to distrust a hasty impression until, years afterwards, we found a sample of this amazing fabric in the collection of Dr. Leitner. The hill-woman had a robe of silky cotton, closely ornamented with very large drops, round or oval or pear-shaped, in symmetrical groupings. They were golden in colour, and they stood forth quite one-third of an inch; the centre one of each design probably half an inch. A most singular object, but by no means ungraceful—what Indian system of ornament is, though it may often err in form? But examination, with Dr. Leitner's assistance, revealed facts infinitely more surprising. The drops might well puzzle an observer; for they are tallow, hardened by some process, stained, and made closely adhesive. They cling to the stuff without fastening. A very elegant class of metal-ware we remarked on the stall of a craftsman at Umritsar, whereof no other examples have come under our notice. Its principle lies in the coating of copper with some white metal through which the design is cut; just as the Cashmiris and their imitators gild silver and incise the pattern down to the white beneath the gold. This Umritsar man, in fact, produced a cheap adaptation of a costly style, which has the merit of lasting—so much to be desired in the beautiful Cashmir work. We gave him an order, but alas! through some misapprehension it reached us, twelve months afterwards, with all the fine tracery blackened—a very poor copy of the Moradabad enamel. Speaking of Cashmir, we recall the exquisite little flower-vases of Sir Richard Thornton, the like of which have never come beneath our notice. These dainty globes had a black surface, outlining foliage in unburnished white metal—perhaps silver—upon which lovely little flowers stood out with the utmost brilliancy. This work must be very rare; Lord Northbrook is said to have a few glorious examples. A much more feeble manufacture in the same style may be found occasionally. Foliage and flowers alike are burnished, in this rougher ware, and the inlaying of white metal is so thin that it will not bear rough usage long. We give the warning from experience. There is a delightful custom among women and girls of the Punjab of wearing lac bracelets, a dozen or more, set with beads of liveliest colour. In the early morning they may be seen waiting at their "jeweller's" stall, and he promptly rigs them out for the day—a day of festival, we presume. The bracelets are cooking gently by a charcoal fire to keep them soft. A young woman stretches out her arm—they are always laughing, those pretty Punjabis—the artist takes a hot knife, divides the warm circlet, clasps it round, and picks up another as fast as his hands can work. As the lac cools it hardens, of course. As charming as could be is the effect of these tasteful trifles in sufficient number. We forget how many go for a halfpenny; but a jeweller filled a biscuit-case for us as large as a hat-box with rolls of them for five rupees; and we paid the stranger's price, no doubt.

The curios of the Further East are not so familiar to Britons. Foremost among them is the kris—which we used to spell creese. A fabulous value is put upon old specimens, and deservedly, for they show fine damascening down the middle of the serpentine blade. A kris, however, is not less a kris though it be straight. That form belongs especially to the instrument used for execution—a doomed man sits smoking and chatting, laughing if a joke arise as cheerfully as usual, while the officer of justice creeps up behind, and thrusts his keen blade downwards, betwixt neck and shoulder. Malays are always original. These heavy krises, eighteen inches long or more, are peculiar to the piratical races. Very awkward implements they must be to handle; but all these peoples are eccentric in the matter of tools. The Malay chopping-knife or sword is not straight. It slants off at an obtuse angle from the hilt, so that seventy-five per cent. of force would be lost in a downright blow if a man grasped it by the handle. We may trace in both these forms of weapon an absurd extravagance of ingenuity. If the Sulu kris were as sharp as a razor, and it could be applied to a man's throat, one lunge of its waving blade might cut his head off;

thus, indeed, experts display its use, protruding the object at arm's length, its edge flat, describing narrow horizontal circles therewith. So, if the parang were keen enough, and a man could strike home with it, by the mere arrangement of the blade he must needs draw its full length through the wound. But they are both ridiculous; we only give this explanation because nine people in ten who see these odd things puzzle over them. A Malay chief in robes of state thrusts the kris or parang through his girdle, leaving the hilt of gold or ivory, perhaps set with emeralds, well forward. But a gentlemanly feeling checks the obtrusion of magnificence in weapons—your Malay is a fine gentleman. So he covers the hilt with his kain bandana, silk and gold, thus assuming exactly both in figure and in gait the swaggering waddle of the Albanian. So human nature asserts itself everywhere under like conditions. These kain bandaras are feeble works of art compared with the Indian gold cloths, but they produce the effect of gorgeousness as well, if not better. One which was given to us by the Maharajah of Johore made a blaze in the sun, and a smooth, unbroken sheen in half-light, which we never saw equalled in embroidery. Any woman appeared to have the skill for weaving these things, more or less good, in our time, if the materials were provided, just as any man professed to be able to forge a kris. Their forefathers could, no doubt; but this generation has lost the art. Very many of them, however, can execute goldsmith's work, with just the tools to hand. We bought once a noble pirate's kris, of which the hilt was broken; one of our boys proposed to cover it with silver, and asked a scheme of ornament. A piece of string was given him, and a certain number of dollars, which he somehow converted into wire, and therewith constructed a very handsome and ingenious style of decoration. The reminiscence calls to mind that beautiful white string which the women of the palace manufacture at Coomassie. It is a real work of art, most complicated in pattern, and set off with pretty tufts here and there, made, we imagine, by allowing a strand to escape. There is little enough in the way of curios worth storing throughout the length and breadth of Africa. But we do not regard the inland, negroid races as hopeless by any means. They have much taste and some feeling for art. The cotton stuffs of Ashantee, so much prized all along that coast, promise well for the future. Their graceful and striking ornament, symmetrical but quite irregular, is produced by gathering a bunch of stuff between the fingers and dipping it in the dye; thus a rough, starlike group of patches is stained on the snowy surface. Great judgment and practice, however, must be required to effect by such rude means the pleasing appearance of uniformity in endless variation of detail which gives a charm to the Ashantee cottons. The dyes also are remarkably soft. This same process of bunching and dipping is the secret of those lovely Java silks which used to be so commonly worn both by men and women, white and native, about the Straits. They do not seem to be obtainable now, anywhere, and the younger generation of merchants have no acquaintance with them. The Oriental, of course, makes vastly more profit than the negro out of the same idea. He ties up his silk in numberless bunches tightly, and so manipulates it that when the strings are cut, after dipping, not only does the agreeable variety of starlike prints remain—more than that, the silk is delightfully crumpled, and so continues for any length of years if kept dry. It is most unlikely that the Javanese have abandoned an immemorial class of manufacture which must have been a large item of their trade thirty years ago. These silks have gone out of fashion, probably, in the realm whither they were forwarded from Singapore—which was not England. But—as has been remarked—we have learned something in thirty years, and they might be welcomed with enthusiasm now. Very rare and very wonderful are the Natuna mats woven in the small islands of that name. This is a distinct industry, without parallel elsewhere, so far as we know. All Oriental mats of the show-class are pretty, some superb; but the Natunas stand first. They are plaited in open work, after the manner of old-fashioned antimacassars, so skilfully that no loose end is seen, nor suspected even, and so strongly that they will bear almost as rough usage as the common rush mat. A single one cannot be bought, unless by chance; they are made in sets of five. A family of the average number, giving three adult workers and three children, will turn out a set in two to four years of the usual first-class varieties; but we heard of an order given by a great chief in the Dutch territory upon which half a village had already been working for twelve years. The price agreed was \$1,200, and people were already complaining that they had lost money in the contract. An average sum to pay for a set of Natuna mats in our time was \$250—say, 60*l.*; but there were bargains in the market at \$1,000. European merchants and amateurs had already given commissions which would occupy the whole generation of islanders for their lives long, working in the honest, pleasant old fashion. Probably there are "sweaters" there now, and scamped work, and adulterated materials, and all the other boons of Christian civilization.

LONDON'S FACE.

THE physiognomy of the capital is always interesting to those not too eager in the pursuit of pleasure or gain to contemplate it; but perhaps the ever-shifting face of London has never offered a more fruitful subject of study than at present. "Society" being scattered to the four winds of heaven, the ranks of the remaining

four and a half millions, or thereabout, are swollen by the tens of thousands of strangers whose wont it is to invade the metropolis at this period, declared by stay-at-homes to be the most pleasant time of year for those who do not essay to pass the best part of their existence in a whirl of gaiety. It is late in the day to talk of the marvellous growth of London; but in truth those of us who assume to be tolerably well acquainted with its kaleidoscopic changes may well ask when this extension of the town will stop. The new streets which were made seemingly but yesterday are already teeming with life; the south side of the great Avenue cut through the heart of Soho is entirely built upon, although few of the numberless edifices recently raised, as if by magic, are as yet actually completed. When that long range of shops, offices, and chambers is finished and occupied there will be no more imposing commercial thoroughfare than Shaftesbury Avenue—the creation of a couple of years or so. True, there is nothing even remotely suggestive of the picturesque in the architecture on the north side, most of which, to speak frankly, is abominably ugly; but we have yet to witness the advent of an Haussmann or an Anspach in this country. Piccadilly Circus is being gradually metamorphosed into a miniature Place Vendôme; and, the complaints of the aesthetes notwithstanding, the erection of the new “refuge,” with its handsome lamps and strikingly-massive, if somewhat nondescript, “trophy” of gleaming Aberdeen granite, cannot be regarded other than as a decided improvement. For a wonder, those vague and shadowy personages, the “authorities,” reversing the “good old rule, the simple plan” of selecting the height of the season for repairing the wood pavement in the Strand and the upper part of Oxford Street have pitched upon August and September for relaying those thoroughfares. One of the most striking changes in the outward aspect of things is to be witnessed in the Haymarket, and is due to the transformation of the front of Her Majesty’s Theatre, which, from being a marvel of dinginess verging on squalor, has now blossomed into a mass of gold-leaf decoration (so far as the background of the entablature is concerned), the effect of which is, however, utterly ruined by the adoption of a rich gamboge colour for the flanking walls. Shade of Owen Jones, what is the art of “decoration” coming to in this our time?

But, after all, it is the human rather than the material physiognomy of London which is more calculated to arrest attention even at this comparatively early part of the *season morte*. Surely never before was there such an invasion of our capital by the foreigner, and especially by the American traveller. Our cousins from across the Atlantic swarm and increase in number day by day. Nearly, if not quite, all of them have come to London from Paris, fresh from the questionable delights of fair Lutetia in “Exposition” time. The pavement between the Grand Hotel and Oxford Circus is the special property of these wanderers, whose free-and-easy manner and rough-and-ready garb betray them at every step. Their strident tones penetrate for yards, and their complacency knows no bounds. They are here, the men in drab alpaca suits and soft shapeless hats, the women in the most ultra unfashionable attire ever seen out of Philadelphia or Chicago, to enjoy themselves and for no other purpose; and they do enjoy themselves *quand même*. A fact, almost unprecedented, may be here mentioned. West-end tradesmen have actually been heard to express themselves favourably when questioned as to the recently-expired season. Strange to say, some of these *commerçants* consider that, “on the whole,” the London Season of 1889 was a tolerably good one—that is to say, from their, the money-making, point of view. Their hearts must, indeed, expand with gratitude at finding that the “dead” season is anything but the dull, tradeless time it too frequently is. Our fair American cousins haunt the great fashion shops in Regent Street and Oxford Street, fascinated by the “summer sales,” which, be it noted, are, in trade parlance, still “on,” and anything but proof against the blandishments of the “Howell-and-James-young-man” and his kind. The poor policeman is badgered out of his life, one would think, by a repetition of the same mazy questions day after day; but he stands it well, and is infinitely more obliging and good-tempered than the most-times haughty *gendarme*, with his look of supreme contempt for everybody who does not speak the French of Paris. The manner in which the strangers within our gates amuse themselves of nights might well form the subject of a separate article. Comparatively few theatres are open; but there are the “Promenades” at the two great houses, and, of course, there are the “Halls.” The Spanish Exhibition is a poor substitute for the “internationals” of previous years, with their bands and illuminations; but it doubtless serves our visitors to some slight extent as an open-air resort whither they can be whisked from Charing Cross in half an hour, unless “metal more attractive” offers itself. And, on the whole, perhaps the great army of tourists do not find time hang too heavily on their hands even when London—or, rather, the great world—is out of town.

THE INTERNATIONAL STATISTICAL INSTITUTE.

THE second meeting of the Institute, held last week in Paris under the able guidance of Sir Rawson Rawson, has proved pleasant and profitable. The International Statistical Institute, it will be remembered, was founded in London four years ago, and held its first congress in Rome in 1887. It has taken the place,

it is hoped upon a firm basis at last, of the various congresses of International Statistics which in past years have been born to perish like the flowers of the field. These meetings died, strange to say, of their own success, and in consequence of the increased popularity of statistics. They were practically open to any subscriber, and the hangers-on became so overwhelming in numbers that no real business could be effected. The present Institute is more carefully constructed. Its numbers are strictly limited to 150. Accordingly there is no room for drones, and only the working bees of this interesting young science gain admission to the statistical hive. England was well represented at Paris in economical statistics by Mr. Robert Giffen and Mr. A. E. Bateman, both of the Board of Trade, and in agricultural matters by Major Craigie. Germany was conspicuous by the absence of all her representatives, official and unofficial; but most of the other European States had one or more members present, France, of course, having the lion’s share at a Paris meeting.

Although the Congress was not in any sense official, some rooms in the new Ministry of Commerce were lent for the meetings, and a good deal of help in the way of printing and secretaries’ work was kindly given by the same department. After the opening speech of the President, Sir Rawson Rawson, the first day’s work comprised an interesting address by M. Juglar on the periodicity of commercial crises. Mr. Bateman reported the proceedings of the Labour Bureau in England, and there was a general interchange of ideas as to what could be done in the publication of prices and wages statistics. It is doubtful whether an international or even a national *Bradshaw* can ever be published that will show the working-man what he will have to pay everywhere for rent, clothes, food, taxes, and luxuries, and how much he may expect to earn in the particular industry he is capable of, but some progress is being made in this direction, especially in the United States. Another useful bit of work was Major Craigie’s Committee on landed property and agricultural holdings, which has already improved our knowledge of large and small holdings, and their influence on cultivation in various countries. The “Index No.,” of course, came in for attention, and so did an even more technical and abstruse subject, the measurement of shipping tonnage. When the profits in freights are cut so fine as they often are in the present day, it is most desirable that tonnage and harbour dues should not press more severely on one class of vessels than on another, and, therefore, the deduction from the gross tonnage on account of engine-space, and the like, ought to be uniform.

The Committee, which Mr. Bateman started at Rome in 1887, for improving the bases of the trade statistics of the different countries, continued its labours, and the English representatives were successful in getting a resolution passed in favour of the English system of registering the imports and exports at the prices of the day. In most European countries a serious and solemn Commission fixes these prices some time in the year after the statistics are taken. The result is that such a phenomenon as the recent boom in sugar prices would not be shown this year in their monthly trade accounts, which are based on last year’s prices. The inconvenience, and even the absurdity, of this system are obvious. A more ambitious but less practically useful reform was suggested by the French economist, M. Fournier de Flaix, in his attempt to classify the religions of the world according to population, and to deduce various ingenious theories of increase of population according to religion and sect. A Russian professor questioned the accuracy of these deductions in respect of the Jews in Russia, and showed that climate and geographical position affected the fertility of early or late marriages much more than sect does. A further objection is a forcible one—that in countries such as Italy there are vast numbers of the population who cannot fairly be classed as Roman Catholics, though they are usually counted so. If a religious census is taken, and people enter themselves under one or other sect, there is no need to go behind the figures and inquire whether all really belong to the sect they profess; but it is a different matter to sweep the great bulk of the population into the dominant religion.

One of the most interesting subjects of the Congress was the system of measuring prisoners which has been in force in France for five or six years. Up to the close of 1888 about 100,000 prisoners had been measured and photographed. These measurements are of a most minute character, including height, length and breadth of head, length of forearm, middle finger, foot, and ear. The colour of the eye is also recorded. The cards containing all these and other measurements are tabulated first under “length of head,” the sizes being classed as “long,” “medium,” and “short.” By again subdividing these classes into the “long,” “medium,” and “short-fingered,” “armed,” and so forth, it takes an astonishingly short time to trace out the measurement of a prisoner who has been measured before. By next consulting his photograph it is easy to identify him and his past misdeeds. A fresh terror to malefactors is added in this way; for the *récidivistes* have hitherto made it a practice to give a false name, in order to avoid the heavier penalties of a second or a third offence.

When Dr. Bertillon had minutely explained the process to the members of the Institution during their visit to the Palais de Justice, it was proposed that an experiment *in corpore vili* should be made. A curious and rather brutal scene accordingly took place. A man who had been captured the night before in the act of theft was brought into the presence of the

statisticians. As usual, he gave a name unknown to the criminal annals, while denying that he had ever been a prisoner before. He was immediately stripped to his shirt and trousers, and measured in the prescribed way. After sorting the measurements for about five minutes an almost exact replica of details was discovered, and, appended to it, a photograph bearing a striking resemblance to the unhappy thief. It was a very curious, but to English notions rather a shocking, sight to watch the toils being drawn closer and closer round the wretched man, and to hear the applause of some of the party, which included a few ladies, when the final touch was given in the production of the criminating photograph. It must be owned that there was no doubt about the matter, as the man at once acknowledged, not merely the photograph, but his own damaging antecedents. But we are accustomed in perfidious Albion to see foxes and human culprits get a fair start, and the detection of crime before trial by such experiments had an air that was painful as well as unsportsmanlike.

It appears from the returns that no less than 2,150 *récidivistes*, or relapsed criminals, who had denied their identity, have been discovered by this process since it was first introduced in France, besides the large number who now relinquish all idea of concealment when they see the measuring machine, as if it were a modern rack and thumbscrew. Dr. Bertillon is anxious to make the system international, now that locomotion is so very easy that criminals change their country as in earlier times they used to change their village. A further interesting and important result is likely to be reached by the comparison of all these thousand measurements of prisoners—namely, the discovery of the criminal "type." It seems that the measurements of head, ear, and fingers show formations differing materially from those of the ordinary moral mortal, and the French savants hope that an easy diagnosis may thus be made of the criminal type as a guide to the subjects on whom segregation from their fellow-men ought to be practised, so as to secure society against their depredations. No doubt infinite possibilities may be opened up, but it would be a shocking result of all this statistical investigation if some unfortunate individual, whose venial offence should be letting out his dog unmuzzled or not sending his child to the Board school, should be discovered, by being measured at the police station, to belong to the class of moral lepers, and be stigmatized as "a criminal type." He might be blameless in word and deed, but the angle of his forehead and the length of his little finger would doom him, by the new statistical philosophy, to a life-long retirement in a settlement of outcasts. To return to the actual process of identification, the greatest difficulty in obtaining certainty is found in cases when the false name given is that of a brother or other near relative. The measurements of brothers are often singularly identical. In these cases the proofs of identity mainly rest on scars and bodily marks. The whole subject is treated with minuteness in an interesting *Notice sur le Fonctionnement du Service d'Identification* (Paris: G. Masson), just issued by M. Alphonse Bertillon, the inventor.

An interesting report was read by M. Cheysson on the statistics of internal communication, and how to make the returns of the various countries more easily comparable. It seems that in France, which has long been the home of the most elaborate official statistics, not only is the quantity of merchandise carried by railway shown according to the distance conveyed—the ton-kilometre to which our railway Companies object in its English form, the ton-mile—but the tonnage carried on the canals is similarly recorded according to distance, and every five years the traffic along the main roads is at many points counted seven times in the year. In this way every day of the week a count is made of vehicles, distinguished as "light," "heavy," and "empty." A grand reckoning is then made of the total weight of all these vehicles, specimens of each sort having first been solemnly weighed to obtain the average. The coasting trade is also reckoned by distance, so that a 500-ton vessel from Dunkirk to Bordeaux gets its proper allowance for distance over the vessel that passes only between two nearer ports. It was pointed out at the Congress that, to be logical, the foreign trade should be treated in the same manner; but even French statisticians shrink from the double entry of imports and exports by degree of distance.

The next place of meeting of the International Institute of Statistics has been fixed in Vienna, in 1891, and it has been decided to hold a special Congress at Washington, in 1892, on occasion of the fourth Centennial of the discovery of the New World. This second date, however, must be considered as merely probable; the final decision will be left to the delegates to Vienna in 1891. The Institute is to be congratulated on the amount of useful business which it has proved itself able to organize.

THE EXPERIMENTAL MATINÉE.

II.

THE first question with which the matinée-giver will find himself confronted is the choice of a theatre. With the number of houses now open in London this would seem an easy task, but in reality it is more difficult than at first sight appears. By certain managers, and those the very ones whose theatres would appear most desirable, the experimental matinée is tabooed,

or is only to be arranged for on terms practically prohibitive. The choice narrows itself down to, at most, some half-dozen houses, outside the walls of one or other of which such performances are rarely, if ever, seen. These houses are, with scarcely an exception, of small size, and, as the giver of the performance in his anxiety to attract the attention of those influential in the theatrical world will invite to his stalls and boxes the representatives of all the papers, the managers of all the theatres, and such others as he may consider of importance, it will readily be understood that he will not have many seats to dispose of at the market price to those anxious to obtain them on those terms. As a matter of fact, he will have plenty of applications for admission on eleemosynary conditions; but to comply with such requests wholesale, though gratifying to his *amour propre*, will not conduce to a healthy balance-sheet. Still, unless he be desirous of swelling his expenses to a dangerously high figure, or unless he be confident beyond the common of the public support, our experimentalist will do well to choose one of the smaller houses.

The theatre decided on, the entrepreneur will find that, for the payment of a lump sum, he will be supplied with the use of the house for a stipulated number of rehearsals and for the performance, together with the services of the band, and of the staff of carpenters, property-men, gasmen, &c., behind the curtain, and of money-takers, check-takers, &c., before the curtain; also with such scenery and properties as are in stock. Let not, however, the inexperienced in such matters flatter himself that such an arrangement will relieve him of any further expenditure in those departments; for he will find himself debarred from using any scenery or furniture which is employed in the current evening's bill of the theatre; and that brings us face to face with one of the peculiarities of our modern theatrical system—namely, that as a rule the manager of to-day has never within the walls of his theatre the wherewithal, either in personnel or mise-en-scène, to mount more than one play at a time. Actors are engaged generally for the run of a play, and the company of any particular theatre is therefore, with few exceptions, liable to the most sweeping changes with every alteration of programme. So, too, with the inanimate adjuncts of the stage (if anything can be more inanimate than some of the actors of the day). The modern tendency is in favour of small theatres, and the value of ground in favourable situations at the West End of London leads to great economy of space in their erection. Such curtailment is generally effected by the practical abolition of the painting-room and of the scene-dock, the storehouse of such scenery as is not in active use on the stage. The taste of the day also runs towards a solid and even cumbersome method of mounting plays. "Interior" scenes are of small account unless the windows and doors are of solid carpenter's work; while elaborate cornices, dados, and overmantels, imported direct from Tottenham Court Road, have replaced the more legitimate brush-work of the scene-painter. Out-of-door scenes must be built at different levels, with mossy banks and trickling streams and trees with solid trunks. Scenery so manufactured, besides being responsible for many an over-lengthy "wait" between the acts, has the additional disadvantage of bulkiness in storage, which, with the small size of our modern houses, chokes a theatre with the setting necessary for a single piece. Of course each manager possesses a stock of scenery which he has from time to time provided for the various plays he may have produced; such, however, is no longer kept, as of old, in the scene-dock of his theatre, but is warehoused in some outlying building rented for the purpose, generally the arch of a railway viaduct. This stock may generally be drawn upon for the purposes of an experimental matinée; but the "experimentalist" will be expected to pay for the men's time employed in looking out and carting the goods. Failing such stock, a scene may have to be borrowed from another house, or even to be specially painted for the occasion. As with the scenery so with the properties. Many managers keep no stage furniture of their own on their premises, but hire from well-known firms what they may require for their successive productions. Such articles are rarely at the service of the matinée-giver, who is in his turn driven to furnish his scenes in the same way. The item of the band only implies their attendance at the performance itself; should there be any incidental music in the play which renders necessary their presence at rehearsal, extra expense is inevitable. The cost of matinées will, of course, vary very largely; but the experimentalist will be wise in reckoning on an addition of from thirty to forty per cent. on the original charge for the theatre to meet these extra expenses.

The theatre decided on, next arises the question of the date. Perhaps this seems a simple matter; surely one day is as good as another? Not so to any one with knowledge of the theatrical world. Let us take the theatrical week, beginning as it generally does, in London at any rate, on Saturday. That is a day quite out of the question for an experimental matinée, for nearly every stage, like nearly every actor and actress in town, is occupied with an afternoon performance of the current evening's bill. Monday is almost equally out of the question, as no rehearsal would be possible later than Friday, Saturday being a *dies non* for the reasons above stated. On Tuesdays and Thursdays complete London companies are wont to visit the Crystal Palace and Brighton, which may prevent the attendance of some of the destined cast, while Friday would by many be deemed too "unlucky" a day to be thought of. Even Wednesday, the only day against which we have as yet alleged nothing, is

not unfrequently used for the regular matinées of some very popular plays which can bear the strain of eight performances a week. Then there is the difficulty of avoiding a collision with other performances of the same kind, or with any big social or sporting function whose rivalry would be disastrous; all which considerations will show that the date of an undertaking such as we are describing is not so easy of settlement as may at first sight appear.

As regards the choice of a play (except in those cases in which the production of a new piece is the very *raison d'être* of the performance, when the play may be said to choose itself), recourse is usually made by those histrionic aspirants who seek fortune by means of the matinée to the leading parts of the old stock plays, to Lady Teazle, Julia and Juliana, to Claude Melnotte and Romeo, sometimes by those "around whose breast is oak and threefold brass"—to Shylock and to Hamlet. Such choice is absurdly ambitious, of course; but absurd ambition is of the very essence of the experimental matinée, and there are undoubtedly other considerations which lead the beginner to these parts. Most of the budding geniuses for whose amusement and instruction matinées exist are to some extent *in statu pupillari*; their coach, generally some actor or actress of the old school, possesses prompt-books wherein all the business pertaining to these old plays is carefully noted, and it is therefore a merely mechanical process, for the teacher at any rate, to teach a novice parrot-like one of the leading parts therein. The business of rehearsal is simplified by the choice of one of these "stock" plays. Notwithstanding that the average experience of the actor in the whole range of dramatic literature is, owing to long runs, touring companies, and other causes, rapidly decreasing, it is still possible to cast the plays of Shakspeare (such of them, at any rate, as are now usually seen on the boards), of Sheridan, and Goldsmith, among actors whom previous experience has rendered familiar with the text and "business" of the piece, and who will, therefore, require but few rehearsals. Such an arrangement simplifies the labours of the organizer of the matinée, generally the "coach" and adviser of the novice; but how hopelessly dull is a performance on such lines, the beginner ineffectually struggling with a task far beyond his (or her) powers, the general cast frequently selected more from economy or "safety" (for it would not do to have the central figure too absolutely eclipsed) than for brilliancy, the mounting always inadequate, sometimes unequivocally ridiculous. It is to witness such a spectacle that many an afternoon audience is summoned to desert its business or its pleasure, and to learn to loathe the very name of the experimental matinée.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN ITALY.

ITALY has been in the throes of banking and industrial difficulties for more than a year, which is likely to have important political as well as economic consequences. The unification of the kingdom and the immense foreign investment that followed led to a great development of industry in Italy. As a consequence there was a very large immigration from the rural districts to the towns, and the towns naturally grew very rapidly. Fortunes were quickly made by those who early foresaw the course that events were taking, and the knowledge that these fortunes were made gave birth to a reckless speculation in lands and houses. Speculative builders without capital of their own were enabled to borrow any sums they pleased to ask for at from 7 to 10 per cent. per annum interest, bankers vying with one another for their custom. The bankers obtained means to lend the immense sums which they advanced by borrowing in turn in France. France had long been the banker as well as the best customer of Italy. French capital had largely provided the means of the economic development to which we have been referring, and had also upheld the credit of the kingdom. So long, therefore, as French capitalists were ready to lend to the Italian banks, the building speculation went on merrily. But when Italy joined the Triple Alliance, and broke off the Commercial Treaty with France, French bankers began to withdraw their money from Italy. For a time the Italian bankers were able to borrow in London, Amsterdam, and Berlin; but the bankers of London, Berlin, and Amsterdam were less accommodating than those of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. They very soon intimated that their Italian borrowers must put a limit to the accommodation which they required. Meantime the sale of Italian Rentes and Italian industrial securities by French holders went on, prices continued to fall, and apprehension spread through the Bourses of Italy. In the spring of last year there was a building and banking crisis in Rome. Whether it was that the Italian bankers were over-sanguine, or that they had committed themselves too deeply to be able to find a remedy, nothing was done to limit the speculation, and so the embarrassment of the country continued to increase until last month, when a fresh crisis occurred in Turin. The Banco Sconto in Turin got into difficulties. Its capital was about half a million sterling, and it had reserves of about half as much more, while its deposits amounted to about 1½ million sterling. The capital of the bank appears to have been advanced on accommodation bills to the Tiberine Bank in Rome, which had a branch in Turin. The General Manager in Turin of the Tiberine Bank was Signor Noli, and he was also Vice-President of the Banco Sconto. The shares of the latter bank began to fall rapidly, and their depreciation led to a fall in the shares of the Tiberine Bank. At this

critical moment Signor Noli committed suicide, there was a rush of depositors upon the Banco Sconto, and, though it received assistance from the other banks, it was ultimately obliged to close its doors. The failure of the Banco Sconto sealed the doom of the Tiberine Bank. Application has been made by the latter bank to the National Bank of Italy for assistance. A committee of the National Bank was appointed to examine its condition, and it is now stated that, under pressure from the Government, the National Bank has consented to give the required assistance. As a compensation, however, the National Bank is to be allowed to increase its note circulation by 30 millions of lire, and not to be required to hold either gold or silver as a security for the new issue of notes. The proceeding is somewhat analogous to what we should call a suspension of the Bank's charter, and that the Government has had to have recourse to so grave a measure shows how very serious is the situation in Turin and Rome.

A reckless speculation, long continued, under any circumstances, must of course have ended in a crisis. To enable the reader to understand the actual situation, it is necessary to remind him that France was not only the banker of Italy, but that she was also by far her best customer. Indeed, the trade of Italy with France alone was nearly as large as that which she conducted with this country, Germany, and Austria combined. Since the termination of the Commercial Treaty, however, France has transferred to others as much as possible of her custom. For example, she now buys from Spain the wine which she formerly bought from Italy. The falling-off in the trade with France has impoverished, not only the commercial classes engaged in that trade, but the whole landed interest, and thus the population is not able either to buy or to rent the new houses which have been built in such excessive numbers in all the great towns of the Peninsula. These houses remaining vacant, the builders are unable to fulfil their obligations towards the banks, and the banks in turn are unable to carry out their own obligations. It is not to be forgotten, too, that the persistency and determination with which France for a couple of years past has been selling all kinds of Italian securities has lessened very greatly the borrowing power of Italian holders. There has already been a heavy fall, but the bourses all over Europe fear that, if France continues selling, the fall may be carried much further; and, therefore, bankers are not as ready to lend upon those securities as they formerly were, and certainly not to the same amount. When introducing his Budget for last year, M. Magliani, then Minister of Finance, said:—"We have entered upon a grand foreign policy which costs much and brings little. The expenses of the different Ministries increase enormously and incessantly, without showing any benefit to the country. The law of 1879 regarding railways proves most disastrous to the country. Everything tends to raise expenditure to an enormous extent." In fact, the ordinary expenditure rose from a little over 37 millions sterling in 1862 to very nearly 77 millions in 1888. In the latter year there was an extraordinary expenditure of over 5½ millions sterling in addition. It is true that the revenue has enormously increased likewise in the interval. In 1862 it but slightly exceeded 21½ millions sterling, and in 1888 it exceeded 71½ millions sterling. Still it will be seen that in the latter year there was a deficit of about 5 millions sterling, leaving the extraordinary expenditure out of account, or not far short of 11 millions sterling, if we include the extraordinary expenditure. From 1862 to 1876 very strenuous efforts were made to increase the revenue and keep down the expenses, with the result that an equilibrium was at last established, and for five or six years even small surpluses were obtained. But the repeal of the Grist-tax brought the period of prosperity to an end, and since 1883 the deficits have not merely reappeared, but have increased alarmingly. The main causes have been, as M. Magliani points out in the quotation above given, the excessive outlay upon railways and a foreign policy which the country is not able to afford.

As the policy of the Government does not seem likely to be changed, and as the prolonged crisis is sure to be followed by a period of depression and distress, the question naturally arises whether Italy will be able to maintain specie payments. Very generally it is feared that she will not. It is only six years ago since she resumed specie payments by means of large loans negotiated here in London. And she has maintained specie payments up to the present only by having recourse to artificial means to retain the gold she then obtained. The truth is that Italy made a mistake in the policy of resumption she adopted six years ago. She would have acted much more wisely had she contented herself with a silver standard, for she is too poor to afford the luxury of a gold standard. This will appear very clearly when we point out that the imports into Italy ever since the creation of the kingdom have greatly exceeded the exports in value. It is true that in this country and in France also the value of the imports is greater than the value of the exports. But, on the other hand, France and England are immensely richer countries, with enormous investments in all other parts of the world. And besides, our own country earns very large sums every year in the shape of freights, commission, and the like, upon the goods which she carries from nation to nation. But Italy is a very poor country, which earns little in the shape of freights, and has no investments worth speaking of outside her own borders. Therefore she has to pay for the excess of imports over exports in hard cash. And she has been able to maintain resumption only by borrowing. In the five years, 1862-66, the

value of the imports into Italy exceeded the value of the exports by very nearly 64 millions sterling. Then the excess diminished until 1881. But in the six years, 1882-7, the excess amounted to as much as 79 millions sterling. During the whole quarter of a century the excess in the value of the imports over the exports was about 220 millions. That a debtor country without a great carrying trade or much foreign investment can permanently maintain specie payments does not seem probable, and just now, when her trade is specially depressed—first, by breaking off the treaty with France; and, secondly, by a crisis which has continued so long—it seems less probable than ever, all the more because the specie held in the country is small. The total paper circulation of Italy amounts to about 56 millions sterling, of which, in round figures, 14 millions sterling are State issues and 42 millions sterling bank-notes. The total stock of coin and bullion held by the banks is about 18 millions sterling. But of this only 14 millions sterling is in gold. And it is to be recollected that there is no large coin circulation to draw upon such as exists in this country and France; so that, if the bank reserves are trenchoned upon, they can be replenished only by drawing upon the treasury or by borrowing abroad. It is not surprising, therefore, that the authorization of the Government to the National Bank to increase by 30 millions of lire its note circulation, without adding to its metallic reserve, is generally regarded as a first step towards suspension of specie payments.

THE ST. LEGER.

WHEN odds are laid on a horse for the St. Leger within a few days of his victory in the Derby, people begin to prophesy a "dull Doncaster." The Duke of Portland's Donovan confirmed his Derby form by winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot a fortnight later; and from 6 to 4 the odds on him were lengthened by fractions until they reached 9 to 4. He had won more than 16,000*l.* last year, and about 23,000*l.* already this season, in all very nearly 40,000*l.*, or a larger sum than any other racehorse had ever won in a lifetime, and if he had not every claim to be a strong first favourite for the St. Leger, what horse, it was asked, ever had? Moreover, Gulliver, in whom certain backers had trusted, fell lame at Leicester, and Chitabob was commonly believed to have rheumatism; so that, in addition to his own undoubted merits, fate appeared to be preparing the way for Donovan's victory. As he had "run through" all the three-year-old form of the season, the only chance of his overthrow seemed to be from some horse that had not yet run in public this year, and about the beginning of August a few bold speculators began to back Nunthorpe, Quartus, and even the rheumatic Chitabob, neither of whom had run in a race since 1888, the consequence being that, five or six weeks ago, the first favourite for the St. Leger represented the best form of the year, and the second, third, and fourth favourites no form at all, so far as the present season was concerned. Backers of Donovan were not altogether pleased when they heard that Mr. C. Perkins was going to send the supposed invalid, Chitabob, to run for the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes on the 14th of August at Redcar, nor were they more satisfied when they read that, although he had, as they declared, "nothing to beat," he won pulling hard "with his head in his chest" in the easiest possible manner, and that, if a trifle full-fleshed, he looked and moved remarkably well. This race was only a mile in length, and the colt's enemies maintained that he was a non-stayer; great interest, therefore, was taken in the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, for which he was to run over a mile and three-quarters against the three St. Leger colts, Nunthorpe, Pinzon, and Scottish Fusilier. The last-named colt made the running, while Chitabob brought up the rear, and the pace was slow—too much so, according to some authorities, to test the staying powers of Chitabob. When the field had run a little more than a mile, Pinzon took the lead from Scottish Fusilier, who gradually dropped back from that point until he was hopelessly tailed off in the background. The pace improved after Pinzon had gone to the front, and it soon told upon Nunthorpe, who ran as if he was sadly deficient in staying power. Chitabob, on the contrary, galloped on with remarkable freedom, and presently he dashed past Pinzon as though he were about to win by many lengths; but from the distance Fagan eased him so much that that careful jockey Osborne was enabled to reach his girths at the winning-post with Pinzon. Fagan may have been fully justified in making Chitabob slacken his speed to such an extent; we offer no opinion upon the question; but it is one upon which there was considerable difference of opinion. Immediately after the race, the odds of nearly 2 to 1 on Donovan were reduced to 6 to 4; Chitabob rose from nearly 7 to 1 to 34 to 1, Nunthorpe fell from 16 to 1 down to 50 to 1, and Scottish Fusilier from 66 to 1 to 100 to 1, while the same odds were offered against Quartus, who had been backed three weeks earlier at 25 to 1. Even Pinzon was sent to 40 to 1, and for the moment only Donovan and Chitabob seemed to be considered in the race at all. Rumours that Donovan had become a roarer, although eagerly contradicted, tended to lessen his stability in the betting market. Chitabob's victory for the Great Yorkshire Stakes rather increased than diminished the controversies as to his ailments. Why, it was asked, had he shirked so many engagements? Was it from rheumatism or was it from unsoundness? Was it true that

he sometimes struck the fetlocks of his forelegs with his hind feet? Had he what is technically known as "a leg"? Was there anything in the rumour that there was something wrong with his knees? Every day the reports of his gallops were eagerly watched in the sporting papers, and instead of the dull affair that had been anticipated, the St. Leger became a race of absorbing interest. Throughout last week, until Friday, the distinction in favouritism between Donovan and Chitabob gradually, but steadily, lessened. Others besides bookmakers had laid freely against Mr. Perkins's colt, and there was now a rush to back him, with a view to escaping from the possible dilemma of having to pay bets which had been speculatively laid against him at something like 14 to 1. On Thursday he stood at 7 to 4, and, for a time, the convulsion in the betting market caused by his sudden favouritism could only be compared to a panic on the Stock Exchange. A reaction set in on Friday; on Monday he was slightly lame after exercise; on Tuesday 6 to 1 was laid against him, and he finally started at 5 to 1.

Although the St. Leger was at first regarded as a "one-horse" and afterwards as a "two-horse" race, people who liked to back horses at long prices carefully studied the merits of the outsiders. After all, thought they, horseflesh was but mortal, and Donovan might fall lame or "go amiss," while many things were more unlikely than that Chitabob might have a return of the mysterious malady which had already prevented him from competing for several valuable stakes this season. Mr. Douglas Baird's Enthusiast, an own brother to Energy, although the winner of the Two Thousand and the Sussex Stakes, and the only horse that had beaten Donovan this year, was by no means a favourite for the St. Leger during the greater part of the summer. He was supposed to be, like his famous brother, only a "miler," and it was thought that he would have little or no chance of winning over the mile and three-quarters of the St. Leger course. For exactly the opposite reason some people fancied Sir Robert Jardine's Lord Lorne, who had won the Ascot Stakes, over two miles, by three lengths. He is a beautiful mover and well shaped; but he had scarcely size and substance enough to claim selection as a St. Leger horse. In addition to his staying powers, he had shown speed by winning a Biennial at Ascot and the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood over a mile and a mile and a quarter; yet in the last-named race he had only beaten the Duke of Hamilton's Scottish Fusilier by a head, and Scottish Fusilier had been "a bad last" for the Great Yorkshire Stakes. The admirers of Lord Lorne, however, contended that his victory over Scottish Fusilier, although gained by so narrow a margin, had been in reality a very easy one. Now that Quartus, Pinzon, Workington, and Nunthorpe had been so lately "run through" or scratched, Enthusiast and Lord Lorne were almost the only horses with any pretensions to St. Leger honours available to backers, and Enthusiast was established as third favourite last week. For a short time Lord Lorne was as good a favourite; but he fell down on his way to the station on Monday, and he started at 100 to 1.

As a general rule, the second in the Derby might be supposed to have a good claim to be second or third favourite for the St. Leger; but Mr. J. Grettton's black colt, Miguel, held no such position. He had been second in three and unplaced in two races this year, and the common opinion formed of him was that, although he had plenty of quality of a certain kind, he was without the size or the substance of a first-class colt; moreover, his Derby form had been reversed at Ascot with both Morglay and Gulliver, after odds had been laid upon him in each instance.

Usually some filly is a leading favourite for the St. Leger, as that race takes place in what is traditionally known as the "mare's month." This year, however, the fillies had apparently no claim whatever to St. Leger honours. It is true that the winner of the Oaks, Lord Randolph Churchill's L'Abbesse de Jouarre, might have been expected to take rank among the St. Leger favourites; but she had finished three lengths behind Pinzon and Workington at Stockton; and, as Chitabob had beaten Pinzon in a canter at York, she did not seem to have the remotest chance of winning the St. Leger. Lord Bradford is one of those fine sportsmen who likes to be represented in the St. Leger, even without hope of profit; so it was a pleasure to see his colt, Davenport, starting for it, small as was his prospect of victory. Taken as a whole, the St. Leger field was a fairly representative one, as it comprised the winners of the Derby, Two Thousand, and Oaks.

Wednesday afternoon was hot and oppressive, and most of the twelve competitors for the St. Leger were already sweating, while some, including the favourite, were absolutely lathering, when they came out for the race. The field got off without trouble, and Mr. Lowther's Cheroot made the running for Workington and his stable companion, Pinzon, who headed the second division, which consisted, besides himself, of Lord Lorne and Davenport, while the two favourites, as well as the winners of the Two Thousand and the Oaks, with Workington composed the third. When ascending the hill, Cheroot held a lead of about three lengths, and there was a clear interval, again, between the second and third departments. Just before reaching the Red House, Pinzon took the lead, accompanied by Workington and Davenport, and, at a short interval, came Donovan, Chitabob, and Lord Lorne. At the mile-post, Pinzon was beaten, and at the bend, Workington and Davenport, who had been left in front, were passed by Donovan and Chitabob. There was intense excitement as the two favourites raced against each other from that point to the distance, where it is said that

Fagan, who was riding Chitabob, distinctly felt that the colt faltered. The least hesitation in so close a race was fatal, and as soon as defeat became certain he eased his "mount," who was pulled up lame. Donovan was now left to win as he liked, and he finished three lengths in front of Miguel, who, by running second, confirmed his Derby form. Lord Bradford's Davenport ran third, three lengths behind Miguel, and the immediate effect of the St. Leger, so far as future events were concerned, was to make Davenport first favourite for the Cesarewitch at 6 or 7 to 1.

In consequence of Chitabob's crippled condition, the St. Leger was no test of the relative merits of that colt and Donovan, and it is probable that they will never be decided. It was the general opinion of horse-critics that, with the exception of Chitabob, the competitors for the St. Leger were below the average in appearance. By winning the St. Leger, Donovan brought his own total winnings, in stakes alone, to 44,562*l.*, and his owner's, for the as yet unfinished season, to 60,218*l.* It is now pretty generally agreed that he "makes a noise"; whether he is a roarer or not remains to be proved. If he is one, he will have followed in the footsteps of at least five other roarers (Ossian, Dutch Oven, Ormonde, Kilwarlin, and Seabreeze) in winning the St. Leger. Very large sums have undoubtedly been lost through the defeat of Chitabob; yet, upon the whole, the race was a very bad one for professional bookmakers; for even during the spasmodic favouritism of Chitabob, not a few backers availed themselves of the opportunity of investing upon Donovan on better terms than before. The attendance is believed by competent authorities to have been the largest ever seen on Doncaster Town Moor. In the inclosures the crowd was highly inconvenient, nor was the pleasure of the day increased by the sultry atmosphere, the cloudy sky, the mist which made it difficult to distinguish a jockey's colours in the distance, or the rain which fell after the racing was over.

PROFESSOR FLOWER'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association has already held two meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Each of these gatherings was unusually numerous and successful; the second of them, presided over by Sir W. G. (now Lord) Armstrong, in 1863, was attended by 3,335 persons, and was the largest on record until the Manchester meeting in 1887, at which 3,838 were present. It is hardly to be expected that Newcastle should recover its place at the head of the list, but with a President so generally and deservedly popular as Professor Flower, and with inducements so great and varied as those offered by the Reception Committee at Newcastle, the meeting cannot fail to be a great success.

The President's address in 1863 was chiefly devoted to a record of the progress of the mechanical arts since 1838—the date of the first meeting at Newcastle; and, in conclusion, he expressed the "hope that, when the time again comes round to receive the British Association in this town, its members will find the interval to have been as fruitful as the corresponding period on which we now look back." That hope has certainly been fulfilled, though some of Lord Armstrong's aspirations are not yet accomplished. We have not yet (thank God!) adopted a metric system of measurements. Neither have we, as a nation, paid much attention to our wasteful expenditure of fuel, but continue, with true British improvidence, to shut our eyes to the rapidly approaching epoch when our coalfields will be exhausted, and our prosperity as a nation more than imperilled.

Professor Flower, as was to be expected, has not followed the lead of his predecessor, though he has devoted the latter part of his address to a subject to which Sir W. G. Armstrong called special attention as one of the newest and most important questions in natural science. He has chosen, for the first and larger portion, a subject on which, owing to his experience formerly at the College of Surgeons and recently at the British Museum of Natural History, he is exceptionally qualified to speak. This is the function and use of museums. His remarks, of course, have a more direct application to museums of natural history (adopting the popular term, on the use of which he makes some valuable comments); but they may be applied, with due modification, to a museum of any kind. These remarks are prefaced by a brief sketch of the history of the word and the growth of such institutions, from which we learn that the foundation or the maintenance of a museum at the expense of a State or a municipality is an idea less than two centuries old. After some interesting historical details, Professor Flower passes on to indicate the defects which even now are too often conspicuous in museums, and the aims which their supporters should keep steadily in view.

Among the former the want of due provision for management and the absence of any definite plan in forming the collection are generally the most prominent. It seems to be commonly supposed that, in order to secure the success of a museum, it is enough "to provide a building and cases and a certain number of specimens, no matter exactly what, to fill them." On the contrary, as Professor Flower points out, the work has only then begun. "What a museum really depends upon for its success and usefulness is not its building, not its cases, not even its specimens, but its curator. He and his staff are the life and soul of the institution, upon whom its whole value depends, and yet

to many—I may say to most of our museums—they are the last to be thought of." Thousands of pounds are often lavished on a sumptuous edifice, which is sometimes actually ill adapted for its purpose owing to its efforts at architectural splendour; valuable collections are acquired by purchase or by gift, and it is then supposed that a salary such as would be paid to a second-class clerk in one of the less important Government offices will secure the services of a person who is competent to arrange these and render them of real educational value. It follows then, as the outcome of Professor Flower's remarks, that it is idle for a municipality to found a museum without first counting the cost. It must be fully prepared, not only for an immediate expenditure of so many thousand pounds for the building, cases, and contents, but also for a considerable annual charge for maintenance. If it is not prepared to submit to the latter, the idea had better be abandoned. An ill-arranged museum has no educational value; an ill-managed one becomes too often "a trap into which precious—sometimes priceless—objects often fall only to be destroyed."

But the question will probably be put by some:—"What should be the definite aim of those to whom the management of a museum is committed?" To this Professor Flower's reply is no less valuable than his criticism:—"Two objects, quite distinct and sometimes even conflicting, should be kept in view in the formation and maintenance of a museum." These may be briefly designated "research" and "instruction." Equal stress will not, and obviously should not, be laid upon them in all museums. In a national museum, such as that over which Professor Flower himself so admirably presides, the one should hardly be less prominent than the other, but if preference must be given, this, as he implicitly affirms, should be to the needs of research. In a local museum the curators should aim at the instruction of the many rather than the exclusive benefit of the few, though no effort should be spared to make all collections, illustrative of the neighbourhood, as rich as possible. Professor Flower, in a few sentences, admirably enunciates the principles on which the specimens intended "for the instruction of the general visitor" should be arranged:—

In the first place, their numbers must be strictly limited, according to the nature of the subject to be illustrated and the space available. None must be placed too high or too low for ready examination. There must be no crowding of specimens one behind the other, every one being perfectly and distinctly seen, and with a clear space around it. . . . If an object is worth putting into a gallery at all, it is worth such a position as will enable it to be seen. Every specimen exhibited should be good of its kind, and all available skill and care should be spent upon its preservation, and rendering it capable of teaching the lesson it is intended to convey. . . . The purpose for which each specimen is exhibited, and the main lesson to be derived from it must be distinctly indicated by the labels affixed, both as headings of the various divisions of the series and to the individual specimens. A well-arranged educational museum has been defined as a collection of instructive labels illustrated by well-selected specimens, and this is more true than it seems at first.

These and many like suggestive remarks give a more than transitory value to this portion of Professor Flower's address, for they should be studied by all who are responsible for the maintenance or contemplate the foundation of a museum. They are best illustrated—though that, as might be expected, is rather left to inference than directly stated—by the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington. Those who have watched its development since its migration from Bloomsbury to its present magnificent, though by no means ideally perfect quarters, know well how greatly it has increased in value as an instrument of education. The young student is no longer bewildered by the vast size of the collections, but finds excellent specimens admirably selected to help him over the earlier stages of his work; while the facilities provided for research are in no way diminished. To the authorities of the British Museum students of all ranks in the metropolis owe a debt of gratitude.

In the latter part of his address Professor Flower quits the practical questions with which so large a part of his own time is occupied to touch upon matters of yet wider scientific interest. As we have said, his predecessor in 1863, at the close of his address, referred to the questions which had been raised by the publication, then comparatively recent, of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. This alone would naturally suggest some remarks upon the present state of opinion in regard to these questions; but, after the publication during the last few months of two works so important as *Darwinism*, by Mr. A. R. Wallace (to whose modesty and self-abnegation Professor Flower pays a well-deserved tribute), and the *Essays upon Heredity*, by Dr. August Weismann, it would have been difficult for the President of the British Association, and impossible for one who is also President of the Zoological Society, to avoid some mention of the subject. The result of thirty years of debate, at first not a little acrimonious, is thus enunciated by Professor Flower:—

I think I may safely premise that few, if any, original workers at any branch of biology appear now to entertain serious doubt about the general truth of the doctrine that all existing forms of life have been derived from other forms, by a natural process of descent with modification.

But, though the discoveries of palæontology during the period mentioned above have greatly strengthened the evidence in favour of this conclusion, "it can scarcely afford any help in solving the more difficult problems which still remain as to the methods by which the changes have been brought about." A full discussion of the solutions which have been proposed is, of course, impossible in the limits at Professor Flower's command; but his remarks, though brief, are suggestive. They directly utter a

caution, they indirectly submit a plea, both of which are much needed at the present time. As regards the former, in discussions on the question of "natural selection," an "appeal is constantly made to the advantage, the utility, or otherwise, of special organs, or modifications of organs or structures, to their possessors." Is it not often assumed, far too confidently, that this appeal can be answered?

How can we [Professor Flower asks], with our limited powers of observation and limited capacity of imagination, venture to pronounce an opinion as to the fitness or unfitness for its complex surroundings of some peculiar modification of structure found in some strange animal dredged up from the abysses of the ocean, or which passes its life in the dim seclusion of some tropical forest, and into the essential conditions of whose existence we have at present no possible means of putting ourselves in any sort of relation?

The plea, which is rather left for inference than directly stated, is for the more comprehensive study of Natural History. At the present time science undoubtedly is suffering from overspecialization, and from excessive devotion to minute details. The botanist is almost lost in the physiologist; a student fancies himself a zoologist when he has cut up a worm into the greatest possible number of thin slices, and devoted himself wholly to the study of these with the most powerful lenses which can be obtained from the optician. From this method of research too often springs, in all branches of Natural History, a copious crop of memoirs, replete with the most careful observations of the most minute details, and concluding with inductions which are worse than worthless. Science, as Professor Huxley remarked in a presidential address to the Royal Society, is now in danger of perishing, like Tarpeia, under the weight of the gifts which are heaped upon her. The vast mass of scientific literature, to wade through which is by many esteemed not only a duty but also a meritorious action; the exaggerated value attached to minute details; the facility with which reputation can be won in a field of work properly narrowed, unless checked, will make the existence of a Darwin or a Wallace almost impossible in the near future. Work in the library and work in the laboratory have each their value, and it is great; but these cannot replace the study of nature beneath the open sky and in many lands, nor will they alone qualify the student to solve the greater problems which are presented to him, either by the crust of the earth or by the organisms which it supports.

EXHIBITION OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

MR. FLINDERS PETRIE cannot choose his own time for his annual exhibition of Egyptian antiquities. It is only, in fact, by dint of months of hard work that the objects found last season are unpacked, mounted, arranged, and labelled in time for exhibition in the late autumn. Before this long and laborious process could even be commenced, the specimens had to be received by sea from Egypt; and it must be remembered that, when everything possible had been done in that country to propitiate the superior powers to obtain leave for the removal of ever so many cases of contraband antiquities, and to arrange matters with the very strict Custom-House authorities, there still remained the French red-tape establishment which we have helped to set up, for our own chastening, at Boulak. Mr. Petrie is not in the habit of scamping his work, and, as we have already in past years had such good occasion to know, goes to his diggings, not only determined, literally, to leave no stone unturned which can by any possibility bear or conceal the fragment of a hieroglyph, but to turn that stone himself with his own hands. Yet, if we could catechize him as to his year's work, we should probably find that this manual labour, under a hot sun, surrounded by uncongenial and semi-savage hordes of workmen, was but child's play compared to that which had to be accomplished, first at Boulak, where each thing had to be examined and seized or passed, as the case might be; then in packing so that no breakages might occur, and also no confusion arise between different finds; and, finally, in reading and weighing and measuring each object before it could be ready for exhibition.

This year Mr. Petrie has taken rooms in the building known as Oxford Mansion, which stands on the site formerly occupied by the picturesque Oxford Market, close to Regent Circus, north. The rooms are immediately under those of the Royal Archaeological Institute, and the exhibition will be open to the public for a fortnight from Monday next. Although we cannot expect anything quite so novel and startling as the second-century portraits shown last year at the Egyptian Hall, the present exhibition will prove, if we mistake not, of even greater historical importance, containing, as it does, what we have never seen in England before, a large and representative collection of the implements, ornaments, manufactures, and other relics of the remote time of the twelfth dynasty, the dynasty best known to us by the famous, but fast perishing, grottoes of Beni Hassan. It will be remembered by a visitor to the British Museum that objects of this period are conspicuous by their absence in that institution; and, in truth, they were nearly as rare at Boulak. There may be more of them than we suspect in the British Museum, brought in at a time when no invidious distinctions were made between Egyptian periods, and when, as in the works of Sharpe and Wilkinson, Ancient Egypt was Ancient Egypt, whether under the Ptolemies or the Pyramid builders, under the Twelfth Dynasty or the Twenty-sixth, under Usertasen or Ramees. To roll away this

reproach from the reputation of our English school of Egyptology—for we may be said to have a little school, at last—has been Mr. Petrie's object in all his researches; and we confess to a feeling akin to jealousy when we hear that he proposes, during part of the coming winter, to devote his remarkable energies to exploration in another Eastern country than that of his great previous discoveries.

The Twelfth Dynasty relics are from the site of a village formerly known as Kahoun, an Arab name which savours strongly of ancient Egypt. They are exhibited in the small room on the right of the passage, and comprise all kinds of household, domestic, and agricultural implements, such as netting and cloth, with portions of looms; wooden sickles, with flint edges; sandals; staves; carpenters' tools; adzes, picks, shovels, and other objects of the kind, chiefly in wood; as well as a very fine set of copper tools in a wicker-basket, with moulds for casting them. There is quite a small museum of children's toys, balls, tops, dolls, and other objects, and by them the rude, square coffers of wood in which children's mummies were found buried for the most part under the floors of the houses. Among these is the brown, wax-like face of a baby, a little cherub, once, no doubt, four thousand years ago, or more. The sculptures, some of them brilliantly coloured, with inscriptions in the beautiful writing of that period, are curious, and among them the fragmentary knee in basalt, of what was once a statue of Usertasen II. Three objects deserve special mention. A whole treatise might be written on a small figure of a masquerade dancer, in wood, with a pair of ivory clappers, or castanets, the mask consisting of the head of the god Bes, hitherto supposed to have come into Egypt at a much later period. In the same case is a full-sized pasteboard mask, representing the same features—a unique discovery. A bronze mirror, with a large ivory handle, is a handsome object and much more conspicuous than the fire-stick which hangs near it on the wall, and which may be described as the rarest thing in the whole collection.

In the passage are fragments of pottery bearing inscriptions or single letters, chiefly in archaic Greek and in the writing now generally recognized as Cypriote. In the larger room are the later objects found at another village in the Fayoum named Gurob. Among these is the coffin of a man described as "a foreigner," in the reign of Seti I.; the upper half of a Roman matron of pronounced features, with a lighted taper in one hand; and a bronze mirror of very Asiatic type, the handle formed of a single figure. The amulets, arranged as found; the beautiful necklaces of gold, beads, and precious stones; the personal relics, such as the painters' palettes; the wreaths of olive-leaves; the very curious glazed pottery vessels, among them a bowl, on which is figured a date orchard and boys robbing it, of the nineteenth dynasty, or contemporary with Moses—these and many other wonderful things should be seen if possible. We trust some of the Twelfth-dynasty discoveries may find their way into the British Museum.

LIME LIGHT ON THE STRIKE.

"WHO conceived the wicked story
Told about those worthy men
Whose demeanour, even the Tory
And the wretched Upper Ten
Recognize as shedding glory
On their leaders, Burns and 'Ben'?"

"Who has slung the shameful fable
(And to gain what profit by it?)
'Gainst these injured heroes, able
To remain so nobly quiet,
And amid their patrons' Babel,
To refrain from crime and riot.

"These that as the crown and flower
Of our unskilled labourers rank,
These who, since they have the power,
Every day we warmly thank
That they do not mine the Tower,
Fire the Thames, or sack the Bank;

"Take not even to window-smashing,
Capital's alarm to awaken;
Nay, disdain to indulge in 'bashing'
Those who have their places taken;
But content themselves with cashing
Charity cheques with calm unshaken?"

Thus, I asked, exasperated,
Reading, amid other lies,
What some base reporters prated,
Heeded thus:—"A Docker shies"
(That's the way the thing was stated)
"Quicklime in a blackleg's eyes."

Such a horrid fabrication
Gave me quite a shock internal.
What could be the sham foundation
For this calumny infernal?
So I turned for explanation
To my favourite Radical journal.

Ah! what wisdom 'tis like-minded
News-sheets in such case to choose;
Comfort we may always find hid
In a print that holds our views,
Thus I read about the "blinded"
Blackleg in the *D-ly N-ws*:-

"These the facts are as we've found them,
Pickets were this man approaching
[As they do with men to sound them,
Not upon their rights encroaching],
And a crowd had gathered round them
While the question was a-broaching.

"'Chuck up Norwood, won't you? Scout him,
Working for him is a crime,'
While the pickets thus up-rout him
Comes a man who works in lime,
Flinging lime at large about him
[Some will do it all the time].

"Pickets seized the man disgusted,
And, while crying 'Stow that, Bill, do,
If your jacket-back we dusted
For your larks, we shouldn't ill do,'
From his fists the quick-lime busted
[As, with half a chance, it will do].

"They had striven in vain to shake it
From his grasp with several tries,
When its quickness needs must make it,
To the general surprise,
Fly like that, and luck must take it
Straight into the blackleg's eyes."

Thus then dies the idle story
Told about these splendid men,
Never more to gull the Tory
Or the foolish Upper Ten;
Never more to dim the glory
Shining upon Burns and "Ben."

REVIEWS.

LORD DALHOUSIE.*

CONSCIOUS of having deserved well of the State and the people, and with pardonable contempt of the superficial and ill-informed criticism on the Sepoy Mutiny, Lord Dalhousie, in the closing years of his life, directed in his will that no portion of his papers should be made public for at least fifty years after his death. The year 1910, therefore, is the earliest date when the opinion of the Governor-General about the striking events of his own administration and the able men by whom he was splendidly served can be known to the public. Many of his State papers, however, are already public property. But, like other statesmen who have filled high offices, he corresponded privately with all sorts of functionaries, high and low. He was in close communication with Sir Charles Wood, then President of the Board of Control, and with the Secret Committee and the Chairman of the Court of Directors. He often wrote demi-officially to Residents at Native Courts, Political Agents, and Chief Commissioners. And he is believed to have kept copies of everything that he penned. But the reserve which a statesman of a high, noble, and sensitive spirit imposed on himself and others is no reason why some account of his life and policy should not now be included in the series of Statesmen, edited by Mr. Lloyd Sandars. In Captain Trotter the editor has found a contributor quite equal to the task. And if his clear, concise, and animated pages may become the occasion for some expressions of dissent and a little captious criticism on the part of Parochial and third-rate Parliamentary censors, impartial readers will find in this neat red volume a succinct account of an important part of history as it was controlled by far-reaching and constructive statesmanship. Lord Dalhousie, in 1857-8, never condescended to answer his assailants. Captain Trotter is not the first writer who has vindicated his memory, but he has done it fearlessly and well.

James Andrew Ramsay was the third son of the ninth Earl of Dalhousie. His father, who fought at Waterloo, had filled the offices of Governor-General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief in India, and it has been said that the son would have left his own mark on wars and campaigns had he followed his father's profession. He was much younger than his predecessor in the Governor-Generalship, Lord Hardinge, who had stood by the dying Moore at Corunna, three years before Lord Dalhousie was born. James Ramsay was educated at Harrow, under the first Dr. Butler; and Cardinal Manning was one of his schoolfellows. At Oxford among his contemporaries were his two successors in India, Lord Canning and Lord Elgin, Dean Liddell and Mr. Gladstone. The death of his eldest brother, then Lord Ramsay,

interrupted his academical reading, and the future Governor-General became heir to the earldom, the second son, Charles, having died years before. The new Lord Ramsay went in for a pass, and was rewarded by the Examiners with an Honorary Fourth. It was sometimes said in those times, when the division into "Smalls," "Mods," and "Greats" was unknown, that undergraduates who could not achieve a first or second in Classics preferred a fourth to a tame third class; later the fourth was a terror suggesting, not that a man was too good for Pass, but that he had tried for Class and failed. In the year 1837, after an unsuccessful attempt to carry Edinburgh against such opponents as "Jock Campbell," afterwards Chief Justice and Chancellor, and Mr. Abercromby, who became Speaker, Lord Ramsay entered the House as member for the county of Haddington. In 1838 he succeeded to the earldom of Dalhousie, as tenth Earl. Three years before this he had married Lady Susan Hay, daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale, who about 1846 was Governor of Madras. By this time Lord Dalhousie's abilities had attracted the notice of Sir Robert Peel, who made him Vice-President, and ultimately President, of the Board of Trade. In this capacity he had to scrutinize the numerous railway schemes due to the unparalleled commercial activity of 1844-5, and it is now admitted by competent judges that much expense, time, and litigation would have been saved had the Prime Minister adopted his lieutenant's plan for placing all railways under the control of the State. Captain Trotter uses the term "management," but Lord Dalhousie's intention was to entrust Government with power to step in, maintain order and sequence, and prevent expensive and unnecessary competition and rivalry. Towards the end of 1847, when Peel's Ministry had resigned, the Governor-Generalship of India was offered to Lord Dalhousie by Lord John Russell; and on the 12th of January, 1848, the veteran of Albuera and Sobraon, on the steps to the north of Government House, Calcutta, welcomed the new ruler, who was about the same age as Wellesley when the latter began his Indian career. It is not too much to say that he was destined to equal that statesman in his foreign policy and surpass him in domestic reforms. Captain Trotter very properly assumes, on the part of his readers, some fair acquaintance with the second Sikh campaign, the pacification of the Punjab, the second Burmese war, which ended in the annexation of Pegu, and the annexation of Berar, Oudh, and other smaller principalities. We shall confine our remarks to the main features of Lord Dalhousie's policy, in the belief that the time has now come when not a few misconceptions may be cleared up and some injustice be remedied.

The late Sir Charles Jackson, who had been Advocate-General in Bengal, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Bombay, and then Puisne Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, in an excellent volume published a quarter of a century ago, reviewed the lapses and annexations which had been talked of as so many high crimes and misdemeanours, and, like the impartial judge he was, dismissed the suit of the grievance-mongers with all costs. The subjugation of the Punjab, the first of these so-called iniquities, has by all but a very small set of bilious and malignant writers been fully ratified and endorsed. The last annexation—that of Oudh—was the deliberate act of an English Cabinet. The incorrigible race of kings whom we ourselves created out of Nawabs at the close of the last century had been reprimanded, forewarned, denounced, and threatened by one Governor-General after another for more than fifty years. Lord Dalhousie, nearly worn out with unremitting toil, was at first rather averse to the annexation of the province, but intimated to the Court of Directors and to the President of the Board of Control that he was willing to remain at his post and to carry out any changes, if it were thought that such were better entrusted to a ruler full of knowledge and experience than to a successor who had a good deal to learn. So far from this act springing out of ambition, lust of conquest, or the like, it was truly described "as the last sacrifice made on the altar of duty." But between the Punjab and Oudh there were divers other acquisitions for which it has been said that Lord Dalhousie invented new doctrines; and further that he was at all times overbearing, regardless of the feelings of the Chiefs, and ready to set aside the stipulations of treaties. Sir John Kaye, in allusion to Sattara, Nagpore, and Jhansi, wrote as if they had been stolen or appropriated by what he calls a "new and appalling doctrine of lapse." Captain Trotter proves incontestably that there was no such terrible novelty in the doctrine or its application. It had been ruled long before Lord Dalhousie's time that no chief was at liberty to adopt an heir to his principality without the permission of the British Government. Such claims had been disallowed in the reigns of Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland. Small States had also "lapsed" in 1841 and 1843, and it was then intimated that the Government would persevere in the clear and direct course of not abandoning such just accessions of territory and revenue. Refusal and concessions, often the former, had similarly been known in the Moghul times. When the Rajput chief of Kerowli died without an heir, Lord Dalhousie, out of consideration for the traditions of ancient houses, specially referred the case to the Court of Directors; and Kerowli did not lapse. The case of Nagpore was much weaker. No Mahratta house was more than a hundred and fifty years old. The Raja before his death had made no adoption, nor had he given any Rani leave to adopt. The mass of the inhabitants, who had experience of our equitable administration in the early part of this century, were quite ready

* Statesmen Series. Edited by Lloyd C. Sandars. *The Marquess of Dalhousie*. By Captain L. J. Trotter, Author of "India under Victoria." London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.

to accept our rule. In fact, in this and in all other instances, Lord Dalhousie acted in the interests of vast communities and not in that of the Ranis and their paid agents; and it would not have been statesmanship, but foolish sentiment, to revive an extinct dynasty on the chance that every now and then we might have one or two bright exceptions to a long line of despots of the familiar Asiatic type. When Lord Canning in a very noble State paper, written after the Mutiny, guaranteed to the Chiefs and Princes the privilege of adoption, loyalty and good behaviour were made the conditions of the grant. While there was a military despotism at Lahore, while Oudh was the nursery of soldiers, and might at any time become a field of battle, while Nagpore intervened between the Presidencies of Bengal and Bombay, Lord Canning's admirable policy would have been impossible and premature. In the time of his predecessor the doctrine of one supreme, controlling, Paramount Power was by no means universally accepted. It had been sketched by Warren Hastings, improved by Wellesley, and acted on fearfully by Dalhousie. After Lord Canning all reasonable doubts were set at rest. But, it may still be argued, you have to explain away the Mutiny, and this would be a hard task, even for Mr. Gladstone. Why did not Lord Dalhousie, with all his experience and his school of devoted followers, forecast this terrible struggle for supremacy? The simple answer is that, with an overgrown, pampered, and now and then insubordinate native army, and a rooted belief in its virtues on the part of everybody, the Mutiny was a mere question of opportunity and time. Sir Charles Napier himself, when the 66th Native Infantry showed signs of disobedience, would not allow "a few mutinous and discontented scoundrels" to tarnish the reputation of the whole Sepoy force. The fidelity to their salt of Pandey and Purben, their devotion to the Company, their readiness to follow wherever the Englishman might lead, their social merits, had been celebrated by a host of writers since the days of Clive and Arcot. Grey-haired English commanders to the very end believed in the honour and good faith of their respective regiments, were met with swelling protestations about the Company's salt in the morning, and had to flee or were shot down by the same men in the afternoon. But Lord Dalhousie, when he spared two regiments for service in the Crimea, had protested against weakening the English army in India for the necessities of a Continental war. And in some of his latest minutes he proposed to reduce the native army by fourteen thousand men, to double the number of English artillerymen, and to increase proportionally the Queen's forces, horse and foot. That he recommended little or nothing for the Sepoy was because that soldier's condition was hardly capable of improvement; and at the time of the Santal mutiny of 1855 he warned both his employers and his successors never to reckon on peace or on the absence of a disturbing element in India for even a single day.

If we turn from acquisitions of provinces and kingdoms, which for a time were popularly believed to occupy the Governor-General to the exclusion of every other subject, the depth and variety of Lord Dalhousie's internal reforms would do honour to a Cornwallis or a Bentinck. His Railway Minute, of one hundred and one paragraphs in length, laid the foundation and has ensured the development of Indian railways, as they now cross the Empire in all directions, doubling our military strength, tempering the severity of famines, imparting vigour, force, and directness to every executive agency. In the space of two years he connected the three Presidency towns, and all the important military and many of the civil stations, by the electric wire. That India has long had the benefit of a one-anna postage, or little more than a penny, is due, not exactly, as Captain Trotter puts it, to the Postmaster-General, but to a Special Commission, in which Bengal was represented by the late Sir C. Beadon, Bombay by Mr. Courtney, and Madras by Mr. Forbes. In other departments constructive vigour was equally conspicuous. Lord Dalhousie created a Secretariat for the Department of Public Works in each governorship, abolishing a controversial, lumbering, dilatory Board which had done nothing but write angry minutes and neglect bridges and roads. In the legislative department of his Council he had for his colleagues the late Mr. Drinkwater Bethune and Sir Barnes Peacock; and a variety of equitable and much-needed laws were passed. One Act ensured liberty of conscience to converts by protecting their rights of succession and inheritance. A second repealed the old law against usury. Others were passed to put down gang robbery and dacoity, to encourage native emigration to the Mauritius and the West Indies, and to protect public officers against the consequences of acts done in good faith and in excess of their legal powers. There are many instances of turbulence and disaffection where a magistrate must act first and receive an indemnity afterwards. Without always putting new legislative irons in the fire, it was Lord Dalhousie's maxim to get as much as possible out of the laws already in existence, and to impress all his subordinates, from the Board at Lahore to the Magistrate and the Deputy Commissioner, with a conviction that things had to be done. He told Rajput chiefs, in his own forcible language, that they must not practise or connive at Suttee; Thakooris, in the same country, that witches were not to be swung nor lepers buried alive; Rajputs, in the North-West Provinces, that the costliness of marriage ceremonies was no excuse for wholesale female infanticide; Boards of Revenue, that they must not be guilty of "unparalleled presumption"; Commissioners of

Division, that they were not to mar military combinations by needless fears for the safety of a civil station; and the titular Nawab of Bengal that he had forfeited some of his privileges and would find a diminution in the guns of his salute, because he had allowed a wretched servant to be beaten to death with clubs at the very door of his tent. And with all these censures, which spared neither native prince nor English general, no one was more ready to recognize and reward merit, to encourage rising ability, to discern the civil or the military servant best fitted to reduce a province to order, to warn or to conciliate a refractory or misguided prince, to preside in a Supreme Court of Appeal, or to form and work a new department. It was truly said when the Court of Proprietors of India Stock on his retirement voted him a pension of 5,000*l.* a year, that in all the vexed and varied questions which came before a Viceroy for solution there was "nothing difficult which he did not render more easy; crooked which he did not make straight; intricate which he did not unravel; and vast and extensive which he did not embrace." If he committed errors, like all of us, we do not find them detailed in Captain Trotter's narrative; and if they can be collected from other sources, they were the errors of a resolute, noble, and high-minded Scotchman. One or two eminent men failed to understand Lord Dalhousie's character, and went down in the tournament like Brian de Bois Guilbert before the lance of Ivanhoe. Sir C. Napier entirely mistook his opponent, and in their celebrated controversy the views of the Governor-General in opposition to the Commander-in-Chief were approved by the Duke of Wellington himself. Sir Henry Lawrence was not so unfortunate as Napier; but he either could not or would not comprehend the master whom he had to serve. In a lesser degree this same defect was apparent in General Hastings Fraser, the Resident at Hyderabad. With his colleagues, his lieutenants, and high provincial authorities, his relations were almost always satisfactory; and he was fully supported by the better part of the Anglo-Indian press. What Lord Dalhousie did for John Lawrence, and what Lawrence under him did for the Punjab, for Sikhs, Pathans, and agriculturists, has been often told, and is too well known for repetition here. Lord Dalhousie never showed favouritism, in the ordinary sense of the term. He rebuked presumption, passed over incapacity, and had a keen eye for those qualities of energy, discipline, ability to command, and readiness to obey which were his own marked characteristics. He was often telling his colleagues and followers that the Court of Directors were "your masters and mine," and the Directors, to do them justice, valued and supported their servant and friend.

The end of the biography is rather sad. The retirement from his high post, the private life at home, the meeting with old friends, and the correspondence with former subordinates, the winter residence at Malta, and the gradual failure of a constitution never strong and overtaxed by years of hard work and climate, are all gracefully and quietly told. There is a portrait, but not a very good one, of Lord Dalhousie to be seen at Harrow. An excellent bust, showing the clear-cut features and the high descent, adorns the Town Hall of Haddington. Calcutta has a full-length statue, and an admirable portrait by Watson Gordon, painted after the return home, hangs on one of the staircases of Government House. Changes in India and in public opinion at home forbid us confidently to expect another Dalhousie any more than another Chatham. But there will be room, under any conceivable vicissitudes, for public servants of all grades to profit by a high example. It is in no depreciation of other eminent men who have filled the same office that we select three Indian rulers who stand high above their fellows. The first was impeached. The second is Wellesley. Dalhousie is the third and last.

STORIES.*

THE Kara Yerta Tragedy is, as its title-page implies, a murder story, of which the scene is laid in Australia. It therefore moves and has its being subject to rather narrow limitations. There has to be a mysterious murder of which a virtuous person is unjustly accused; there has to be a faithful being of the opposite sex in love with the accused; there have to be legal proceedings, some of which must be described not absolutely without detail; and the mystery has to be satisfactorily explained both in general and in particular. In two points Mr. Harrison's story bears some resemblance to the late Mr. Fergus's *Called Back*. These are that, in the first thirty-five pages, a happy situation is constructed with considerable ingenuity, and that the rest of the book is nought. The good situation here is the device whereby the widow of the corpse, without any considerable straining of probabilities, contrives to make a decidedly strong *prima facie* case against the hero, whose name is Woodstock, and who

* *The Kara Yerta Tragedy: an Australian Romance.* By J. E. Harrison. London: Walter Scott. 1889.

The Vengeance of Maurice Denalgez. By Selma Dolaro, Author of "Bella Demonia" &c. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

Miriam Balestier. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett, Author of "Olivia Delaplaine" &c. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

A Child of Japan; or, the Story of Yone Sauto. By Edward H. House, Author of "The Japanese Expedition to Formosa" &c. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

Bill Nye's Thinks. London: Brentano. 1889.

Nye and Riley's Railway Guide. By Edgar W. Nye and James Whitecomb Riley. London: Brentano. 1889.

is mate of an ocean mail-steamer. The obvious inference is that the ingenious reader is intended to suspect Mrs. Thornycroft, the widow, and that Mrs. Thornycroft is, therefore, not guilty. Having got so far the author was in a dilemma. He had either to make Mrs. Thornycroft the criminal or an accessory, which would have been to give up his mystery, or to invent some independent murderer and fit him in with the postulated circumstances. The task was beyond Mr. Harrison, and he fell back on the last resort—no less contemptible than obvious—of introducing a lunatic whose motives were entirely outside the main plot of the story. Romancers of murder cannot lay too closely to their hearts the great principle that the interest of investigating murders, real and imaginary, depends at least as much upon the question why it was done as upon the question how it was done. Mrs. Thornycroft had a reason for wishing her husband to die, and so had Mrs. Thornycroft's strictly virtuous (and rather tiresome) lover, and, if either of them had done it, the story would have had dramatic interest. The lunatic did it because she was mad, and as soon as the wary reader discovers that circumstance—which he is allowed to do a great deal too soon—the story becomes almost as dull as a real crime. Subject to these considerations, Mr. Harrison has done his work rather well. There is a somewhat trifling episode of some futile endeavours of Woodstock's young woman to establish his innocence by means which can hardly fail to recall the adventures of the elder Miss Vanstone in *No Name*. Also, every here and there occur absolutely unpardonable passages like this:—"How strange it is that in the moments of our intensest feeling we have so often to attend to the ordinary and commonplace duties of life"; and this:—"It [a room of no sort of importance to the plot] was a small but comfortable apartment, containing a round table—on which was a gay-coloured table-cloth, covered with a profusion of books—a pianoforte, two armchairs, and a sofa, besides some old-fashioned horsehair dining-room chairs."

Maurice Denalguéz was a Spaniard, and he visited that remarkable metropolis which we are always reading of and which we never see, where they drive in the Row; and "his eyes varied in color as he spoke of varied subjects." He was an old enemy of a fashionable and red-haired but unprincipled widow, whose name was Ethel, and whose friends, therefore, called her Thello. The reason of the enmity was, that before the story began Denalguéz had had a brother, who had loved Thello, and whom Thello had loved, and Denalguéz had objected, and had told the brother facts to Thello's discredit, whereupon the brother had shot himself, and Denalguéz considered that the brother had been morally murdered by Thello, and Thello that he had been morally murdered by Denalguéz. Which was right is a question of casuistry unnecessary to adjudicate upon; but as a kind of set off against the startling and disagreeable peculiarity of Denalguéz's eyes, already mentioned, it may be recorded that Thello was in the habit of talking to herself like this:—"Oh! my puppets, I hold you in the hollow of my hand, and though the hand is small the grasp is firm. . . . I have so much satisfaction within my reach, that I do not know where to strike first." These two persons, each living mainly for revenge on the other, were brought together through getting mixed up with the affairs of a lady called Edith Warburton, married to a gentleman as dull as herself (which is saying much), and a great deal older, and carrying on a gloomy but harmless flirtation with Sir Reginald Faithorne, a dashing baronet. The consequence ultimately was that "a sharp noise echoed through the room. Philip Warburton had slapped Sir Reginald smartly on both sides of the face"—presumably with both hands at once. Sir Reginald was "thunderstruck for the moment," as he well might be; but immediately afterwards, "indicating the ladies by a wave of the hand, bowed ceremoniously to every one in the room," and went away to arrange the duel. It was worth the trouble; for each man brought two seconds and a surgeon, and all eight were dressed in "most immaculate" black frock coats and tall hats, and they looked like a "conclave of legal crows," whatever those may be, and danced a kind of formal lancers, and then got to work. Warburton, having lost the toss, had to fire with the sun directly in front of him; in spite of which he hit his man, whether or not on both sides of the face is not mentioned. However Sir Reginald soon came right again, and so did everything and everybody else, except Thello.

Where can the sky have "looked so pure and so deep-coloured that it made one think of life in which chastity blends with passion"? Where could a lady villain display her "smile growing ruddier, and her flawless white teeth gleaming behind it in a sort of pearly nudity"? Where could be observed the same lady's "magnificent stride, and her dainty garments blown by the sweet west wind sideways from her sculptural proportions"? Where would a heroine of fiction frankly acknowledge to herself that she was "a liberal-thoughted female"? Where would one not be surprised to see a theatrical manager who was holding his hands "up half-way toward his chin, and was patting the backs of either with the palms of either in an oddly ruminative fashion"? Where would it strike the same gentleman, "in the secret subtleties of his peculiar mentality," not that to have patted the back of your right hand with the palm of your right hand is a feat to be proud of, but that something was the case at once less obvious and less interesting? Where is a person liable to experience "some subtle change . . . trenchant, electric, spiritually molecular"? Of course in the United States of America, and not elsewhere. And, accordingly, in those States, or some

of them, were wrought the fortunes of Miriam Balestier, described by Mr. Edgar Fawcett in a style wherein the older and more correct graces of Mr. W. D. Howells struggle for the mastery with the newer and more exciting characteristics of Miss Amelie Rives. Miriam was an actress, and her manager loved her, and took her on tour; but she did not love him. Paula Chalcott, another actress in the same company, did love him; but he did not love her. So one night in the train Paula tried to throw Miriam off the platform of the sleeping-car, and would have carried her fatal purpose out, only an accident happened in the nick of time, and Paula was killed and Miriam was picked up senseless and carried to a neighbouring house, wherein was a youth named Cecil. As soon as Miriam recovered her senses, Cecil began to love her and she began to love him; but he was engaged to somebody else, so Miriam went away, and that's all. Of his two models in style, Mr. Fawcett has forsaken Mr. Howells, and followed Miss Rives as to the important point of length, and he has done well.

"I wonder," says a young American gentleman in *A Child of Japan*, "how I should relish hearing myself called a 'Yank'!" We extract the passage, partly because it will supply many persons with not altogether unpleasing food for reflection, and partly because the story contains no other of equal interest. Mr. House is of opinion that the people of Japan are undeservedly and intolerably martyred, to the gross and selfish interests of stronger nations, politically by every nation big enough, with a dubious exception in favour of the United States, and socially by every nation, and the United States in particular. To expose these iniquities, he has written a long and earnest story of transcendent dullness. It is about a Japanese girl called Yone, who was greatly ill-treated in childhood, because her parents insisted on her doing household work, and she herself and divers Americans insisted on her going to school at the same time. From these woes she was rescued by a rather wicked elderly doctor, who was very much in love with her, and that after she was married as well as before. However, he had the grace to keep the fact pretty much to himself. Under his instructions Yone laboured at times as a sort of sister of charity, and before long she died, amidst oceans of native and American tears. Before long as young women's lives go, that is; to the patient reader the career of Yone appears to be almost as interminable as it is uninteresting. It is a comfort, however, to find that that particularly deplorable sort of crank whose crankiness consists in yelping about oppressed natives, and calling his own countrymen tyrants and oppressors, exists outside Great Britain.

Some people always occupy themselves in the train. Others are capable of travelling long distances without reading, talking, sleeping, eating, smoking, or writing. Such persons look out of the window at times, but not with the intelligent topographical interest which arises from the active study of maps or guide-books. The occupied ones are a little apt to pity them, and suppose that they must find railway travelling dull. If anybody proud of being able to do things in trains wants to take a broad view, and understand that being able to do nothing in trains also has its advantages, let him procure either *Bill Nye's Thinks or Nye and Riley's Railway Guide*. Each is a shilling volume, containing pieces in prose or verse in the newest style of "American humour," and anything more tedious than either it would not be possible to conceive.

THE AZORES AND MADEIRA.*

READERS of *Cowdray* will not be disappointed in their natural expectation that Mrs. Roundell's narrative of her visit to the Azores will be both attractive and interesting. The Azores, which take their name from *Apor*, a buzzard, or kite, which is probably indigenous to the islands, and which the early settlers at any rate found there in great quantities, are not so often visited by tourists and travellers as they deserve to be. It is true that the voyage has its *désagréments*; the surrounding seas are rough and stormy, and a more inhospitable-looking, iron-bound coast is seldom to be seen. Only good sailors should trust themselves in those waters where even experienced travellers find it almost impossible to keep an upright position or even to sit down without "holding on." The sufferings of Mrs. Roundell's fellow-passengers are too horrible to relate. Then when one has surmounted the hardships of a rough passage and greasy Portuguese cookery, one feels cut off from the rest of the world. Direct telegraphic communication with England does not exist, and the postal communication is badly managed and very uncertain. Mrs. Roundell was glad of an opportunity to send letters to England by a Norwegian vessel bound to Cardiff. But the hardy traveller, resolved to see none of the lions which obstruct the path of his more easily-discouraged brethren, will find much to repay him for even greater inconveniences than he will be called upon to undergo. We find nothing specially worthy of note in the author's description of Santa Maria, neither will we linger long over her graphic description of San Miguel, where she was much amused by the sight of small carts drawn by sheep as similar vehicles are drawn by dogs in various parts of Europe, and where she studied on the

* *A Visit to the Azores; with a Chapter on Madeira.* By Mrs. Charles Roundell, Author of "*Cowdray: the History of a Great English House.*" With Illustrations. London: Bickers & Son.

spot the phenomena of the volcanic eruptions formerly so prevalent in that island. If sheep-carts are amusing to see, bullock-carts in the Azores are not pleasant to listen to:—

Passing through one village we met three ox-carts, made of wicker-work, and each dragged by six oxen. Their strange wooden wheels, with fixed axles, making a most fearful noise, like that of a circular saw, with the addition of loud groans and wild shrieks. We certainly could not hear our own voices as the carts passed. They are not allowed in the towns on account of their *chilrada* or noise, but it is supposed to frighten away evil spirits, and every Azorean proudly boasts that he can recognize his cart by its own peculiar shriek.

Even in more civilized Madeira the nuisance exists to a scarcely modified extent:—

As for driving, there is not a wheel in the island, not even a wheelbarrow or a truck, and we found we got most exercise in an open bullock-cart, which, as it slowly scraped its way over the pavements, jarred and jolted every bone and muscle in our bodies, and, as the steel runners ground over the stones, added the aggravating sound of a pencil that squeaks on a slate to the incessant shouts of the driver and the attendant boy.

The author regrets that the orange trade should have been allowed to decay in the Azores, especially in San Miguel, and that the cultivation of pineapples should have been substituted, as the revenue thus realized scarcely amounts to one-sixth of that produced by the old staple industry. The cookery of the Azoreans would hardly tempt a scientific gourmand. A mess of bread boiled up with garlic, onions, vinegar, and saffron is seldom relieved by anything more toothsome than salt fish, watercress soup, conger eel, and octopus. The tongue of the dolphin is considered a great delicacy, and the oil of this fish is very plentiful and in common use among the people. In the chapter on the island of Terceira, whose chief town is the seat of the Government, the writer gives a short and excellent summary of the later history of Portugal and the Brazils. She tells us that Dom Pedro, who was extolled a few years ago by many persons in this country as the champion of Liberalism, was declared by the Duke of Wellington to have been a ruffian, and to have framed for his country a Constitution which was odious. Sir Charles Napier, however, claims credit for Dom Pedro as having abolished despotism in Portugal, and Mrs. Roundell would appear to agree with the gallant Admiral. The facts of the struggle between Dom Miguel and his brother are well known, and our readers will draw their own conclusions. San Jorge has the best climate in the Azores, and is never visited by epidemics. Pico is celebrated for the beauty of its women and for the super-excellence of its oranges. Fayal was colonized by the Flemings, it has been frequently visited by earthquakes, and there have been terrible volcanic eruptions in the island. Probably "Flores in the Azores" will be the most interesting of all the islands to the admirers of the Laureate—that is to say, to nearly all English people. Its coast is bold and rugged, without beach or inlet, and passengers by steamer are landed in heavy boats propelled by immense oars. Oranges are not cultivated there, and the fruit generally is very poor. There are no beasts of burden, and travellers have to go about the island in hammocks made of sail-cloth and tightly tied to a long pole. The occupant sits sideways, clinging to the pole, with his feet dangling; were he inadvertently to lie down in the hammock, the sail-cloth would close over him. Mrs. Roundell says that Gervase Markham's description of this island as "black Flores, baneful isle," is still only too appropriate, considering that its iron-bound coasts have no lights, no lifeboats, or no life-saving apparatus of any kind. In the convent chapel at Santa Barbara and the chapel of the Jesuit church are carvings and frescoes the sight of which well repays the traveller for all the roughness and difficulty of his journey thither. The image of Our Lord in the chapel of Nossa Senhora Esperanza is covered with jewels valued at over 150,000*l*. The natural history of the Azores is in no way remarkable; but Mrs. Roundell gives a very interesting description of the fauna and flora of Madeira. Many of the Portuguese names for flowers are very pretty, such as "Perfect Love," "Sweet Gift," "May we be Friends," and "Woman's Love"; but when Mrs. Roundell went back to England, and saw the green fields and hawthorn hedges and banks of primroses and cowslips, she felt "with irresistible force that one wild flower of England was worth all the exotics of Madeira." Mrs. Roundell is one of the few travellers who combine absolute practicality and the soundest common sense with a poetical imagination and a keen sensitiveness to beauty.

TWENTY-NINE SERMONS OF SAVONAROLA.*

THE sermons preached by Fra Girolamo Savonarola in 1496 were written down by one of his hearers, Ser Lorenzo Violi, a notary of Florence, as they fell from the lips of the iconoclast in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. "His diction was quick and prompt," says the Dominican Father Serafino Razzi, a contemporary and eyewitness; "yet so well did he pronounce what he had to say that never a word of it was lost. And there are those who, seeing the rapid diction of this man, the copiousness of his conceits, and the eloquence of his word, do deem it a miracle that the worthy man, Ser Lorenzo Violi, should have written down his sermons so well." To these sermons, reprinted

* *Prediche di F. Girolamo Savonarola*. Edizione integra di Giuseppe Baccini. Firenze: Adriano Salani, Editore.

from the first and only Florentine edition, the undated work of an anonymous printer, probably issued at the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth centuries, Signor Giuseppe Baccini has prefixed a concise and tersely-written Life, which, it need hardly be said, is neither intended to vie with the great work by Professor Villari nor to supplement any other complete and more compendious one. He has, besides, modernized the orthography of the Florentine notary without touching either word or thought of the preacher. These sermons, in the opinion of their latest commentator, prove more conclusively than any others "that Savonarola, far from being ambitious of popularity under a Republican Government, was firmly convinced of his own mission as a prophet appointed by God to reform the manners of his time and preach against its corruption." Yet the question, "Was Savonarola a martyr who gave his life for liberty of thought and political independence?" is answered by Signor Baccini in the negative. Although Savonarola was born and nurtured in the full flush of the Renaissance, he must be classed "among those fanatics who, coming before and after him, have, with the best of all intentions, rather essayed to enchain human genius than to deliver it from the bondage of the ages." His sermons abound in eloquent passages, which contrast favourably even now with the "false eloquence of many modern preachers." Heightened as they were by his wonderful voice, by the tears he shed, and by the people's conception of the sacredness of their prophet's calling, it is not difficult, even in this prosaic age, to realize what must have been their effect upon a sturdy and withal sensitive and highly-strung people. "Audite, principes Jacob et duces domus Israel, numquid non vestrum est scire iudicium?" was a theme easily applied to Papal arrogance and Imperial treachery. Indeed, when the words of Micah inspired the magnificent invective of Fra Girolamo, every thought, every word, every thrill of its prophet thrilled and quivered in the heart of the powerful Republic, chafing in its power, and pride, and strength against the priestly infamy of an Alexander, and the bad faith of a Charles VIII., mindful all the while of the courage, crowned by success, with which it had resisted the oppression of the fourth Sixtus. But for the loss of prestige consequent on the pitiable episode of the trial by fire, there is no saying how far the work of Luther might have been forestalled by his Tuscan precursor. Savonarola not only lacked the iron self-reliance of the Teuton—he lacked his humanity. And this want of sympathy with human joy and sorrow, of the sense of external and intellectual beauty, of the necessity of innocent pleasures, without which "human society would become a melancholy assembly of austere and ferocious individuals," was the most potent cause of his fall. To the purity of the Florentine ascetic's life and manners, to the tenacity of his struggle with the Curia Romana, the holiness of his precepts, the fire and conviction with which, in an age steeped in luxury, he preached his singular and austere doctrine, Signor Baccini does ample justice:—"Yet fell he a victim to his religious fanaticism, to an ideal erroneous both in principle and application . . . not only contrary to the spirit of that age, but, generally speaking, to all progress and civilization." The interest of this work, excellent in form and matter, is heightened by the appended notes of the Padre Serafino Razzi, naive in expression, and glowing with historic colour. Those who are most comfortably impervious to the thunder of the prophet's word, because it was hurled against bygone grievances, must yet take pleasure in the presentment of the solemn procession with which Carnival began in the year 1497. How when the thousands were assembled in the Piazza di San Marco, it wended its way through the streets, and "to the children was given to carry, on a gilded pedestal, a beautiful little Lord Jesus, standing, made by the great sculptor Donatello, who [the Holy Child, not the sculptor] with one hand did give the benediction, while with the left hand He held the crown of thorns with the nails." And many of us will wince over again at the oft-told tale of the great fire in the Piazza della Signoria, the fuel of which was "Flemish painted canvases, forming a fine frieze . . . portraits of beautiful bygone women painted by most excellent masters . . . musical instruments, lutes, lyres, harps, cymbals . . . and books of profane music . . . the vanities of women, such as unguents, vases of waters, mirrors, Cyprus powders, perfumes, headgear, and such like—books by Morganti, the Centonovelle . . . and others like unto them" . . . besides "masks, false beards, sumptuous disguises, and the diabolic vanities in vogue in that time." The conversion of the "Potenze," with the record of their boisterous and sometimes terrible diversions, the personal appearance and "magnetism" (may we be forgiven the anachronism) of Fra Girolamo, his voice, the miracles he wrought, the signs and portents of his God-appointed mission, with other things of never-waning interest, form a fitting commentary on these remarkable sermons.

MEDIEVAL FRANCE.*

FEW old Harrovians can have heard of the death of M. Gustave Masson without feelings of regret; for he held an assistant-mastership at Harrow for many years, and was uniformly kind.

* *Stories of the Nations—Medieval France*. By Gustave Masson, B.A., Univ. Gallie, Officier d'Académie, Member of the Société de l'Histoire de France, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

and genial in manner. He had a cultivated mind and a strong taste for literary, and especially for historical, pursuits; his disposition was generous, and he always delighted to acknowledge any good work done by others. His latest book, which contains the "story" of Mediæval France from the accession of Hugh Capet to the death of Louis XII.—not, we think, a very good point of division; the line should have been drawn at the death of Louis XI.—is written with considerable life, and contains several picturesque bits from the early chroniclers. It is, however, somewhat lacking in grasp and firmness of treatment. The strange blunder of reckoning Lorraine and Franche-Comté among the fiefs of the Capetian kingdom, which meets us at the outset, is characteristic of a certain sloppiness which pervades the book generally. When we get to any specially critical period, such as the reigns of Philip IV. and Louis XI., the thinness of the work becomes peculiarly apparent. Several notices are given of early French literature, and these are good as far as they go. Among the tables at the beginning of the volume there is a useful list of the sources of the mediæval history of France.

PHYSICAL TEXT-BOOKS.*

WE have another contribution to the study of organic chemistry in the fifth part of the third volume written by Professors Roscoe and Schorlemmer. Though dealing merely with the benzene hydrocarbons and their principal derivatives, this part occupies 523 pages octavo, which proves that their method of treating the subject is practically exhaustive. Most of the work is naturally of little interest to the general reader, except the historical notes and an excellent account, under the group of terpenes and camphors, of the discovery and preparation of caoutchouc and guttapercha. Professor Remsen, of Baltimore, U.S.A., publishes a text-book of inorganic chemistry, in which we observe several features to be approved of. In some of the large text-books, for example, the student's attention is distracted by detailed descriptions of apparatus and specific directions for the preparation of substances, so that the essential principles of the science are apt to be lost sight of, and his conception of them is less distinct and vivid. Of course no lecturer can afford to dispense with laboratory work, and must set forth special directions to the students for carrying out all its details. In the present work, therefore, we find an appendix of ninety pages of selected experiments to accompany the text from step to step. The main part of the work, of over seven hundred pages, seems to balance fairly a discussion of the leading principles with a classification of the facts. Professor Remsen lays much stress on general relations, pointing out analogies between properties of substances and between chemical reactions. When discussing the double salts of the halogens he applies formulæ expressive of their constitution which he promises to justify by evidence to be given in a subsequent treatise.

Professor Mixter now issues a second edition of his text-book. The author adopts what is called periodic classification in order "to present the elements of chemistry logically as far as possible." From the American States we have also the first part of a compilation which will be useful to all who are practically interested in the "constants of nature." This book of 400 pages gives the specific gravities of 5,227 distinct substances (and many of these

with separate determinations), their constitutional formulæ, and the authority for each.

Smaller works are—one in the series of "Blackie's Text-Books," which is intended to cover the same ground as the elementary course in the Science and Art Syllabus; Part I. of an Elementary Course of Natural Science, dealing mainly with air, heat, chemical action, and electricity; and a neatly arranged little work on sound, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism.

To treat the general laws of heat in an elementary manner, yet in a really scientific spirit, is the object of a carefully prepared work before us. The author presupposes but little chemistry on the part of his pupils, and nevertheless treats and illustrates the nature, laws, and phenomena of heat in an extremely simple, precise, and scientific manner. Mr. Madan pays considerable attention to the applications of the general laws of heat to the arts and manufactures; and in the appendices explains many of the numerical questions which practically occur in scientific work. There is a good index.

A second and enlarged edition of Mr. Blakesley's book on electric currents will be welcome to all who appreciate the geometric mode of dealing with certain problems. We are also glad to see new editions of Mr. Lynn's clearly written little work on Astronomy, and Dr. Klein's manual of Histology. The latter now contains some interesting micro-photographs.

In Natural Philosophy there are several new text-books. Mr. Lavery aims at placing Dynamics on a thoroughly sound basis by "avoiding unsatisfactory illustrations and definitions." The importance of Newton's three laws is well brought out, but the utility of inventing the words *fas*, *cas*, *scas*, *casgram*, *scasgram*, *faspem*, *bim*, *cim*, and others, may be questioned where real instruction is desirable.

A work on Statics, by an author whom we formerly reviewed favourably, is well equipped with exercises and illustrations. The extraordinary attempt, in a long note, to show that an oar can be regarded as a lever of the first order, seems somewhat out of place in a book of statics. Should there be the opportunity of a second edition, Mr. Warren might advantageously replace this note by an alternative proof of one or two of the leading statical problems, illustrating, for example, the triangle of forces or the principle of work.

Two books belong to the series of Blackie's "Science Text-Books"; one an enlarged edition of a manual which we formerly noticed favourably, the other on applied mechanics, and especially with regard to liquid and gaseous pressure, belt and toothed gearing, hydraulic machines, physical qualities of materials and so forth.

Our present list concludes with two books on statics, both evidently the result of practical work in class-teaching. The first seems a good introduction to a larger work by Mr. Greaves which we formerly had occasion to speak of with favour; the second takes up as much of the science of statics as may suffice for the Cambridge "Previous," and bases the whole subject on Newton's three laws of motion. For the rectangular component of a force, or its effect in a particular direction, a new term, "resolute," is invented with advantage; and there is a good short account of the graphic method of treating statical problems, a solution which no practical treatise can now afford to overlook.

AMID DEVONIA'S ALPS.*

YET another book on Dartmoor, following close on Mr. Page's, which we reviewed a short time ago. Mr. Crossing is the author of *The Ancient Crosses of Dartmoor*, noticed in the *Saturday Review*, and he now extends his literary efforts to Dartmoor itself. He says he has culled from his note-book accounts fairly representative of his moorland peregrinations. And this culling process includes extracts descriptive, not only of Dartmoor, but also of Mr. Crossing, his hunger, his thirst, his feelings in general, and his gettings up and lyings down; when he is tired, when he is fresh, when he is wet, and when he is cold. The first person singular of the most important pronoun in our language comes in for a good share of the matter culled from the note-book, and has the not very surprising effect of imparting a prosy sensation in reading a work of praiseworthy—that is, short—dimensions, with a very useful appendix and a good index. There is no doubt that Mr. Crossing knows Dartmoor as a native of the neighbourhood who often walks over it, and calls his walks peregrinations, is likely to know it. But it is hard to see what an evening party at Brent, so pleasant as to keep Mr. Crossing up all night, the jollity, wit, and humour thereof being hidden from his reader, can have to do with Dartmoor.

Amid Devonia's Alps is a poetical, romantic term for peregrinations on Dartmoor. Poetical licence, like licences to shoot and do other pleasant things, must be allowed; and pity 'tis they are not paid for, to swell the revenue. Persons who write about Dartmoor take out these licences, which are not granted by the Duchy of Cornwall on payment of ten and sixpence, as any one who knows the Duchy might expect, and such persons use them to excess, as this book will testify. Nevertheless, it is not well to compare Dartmoor to the Alps of Switzerland. Dartmoor has beauties of its own, but has no similarity whatever to the

* *Amid Devonia's Alps*. By William Crossing. London: Simpkins, Marshall, & Co. Plymouth: W. H. Luke.

* *Treatise on Chemistry*. By Sir H. E. Roscoe, F.R.S., and C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S. Vol. III. Part V. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Inorganic Chemistry. By Ira Remsen, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Elementary Text-Book of Chemistry. By W. G. Mixter, Professor in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

A Table of Specific Gravity for Solids and Liquids. By F. C. Clarke, Chief Chemist, U.S. Geological Survey. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Elementary Inorganic Chemistry, with a Course of Chemical Analysis and a Series of Examples in Chemical Arithmetic. By A. H. Sexton, F.R.S.E. London: Blackie & Son. 1889.

A Graduated Course of Natural Science. Part I. *First Year's Course*. By B. Loewy, F.R.A.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Questions and Answers in Elementary Experimental Physics. By B. Loewy, F.R.A.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

Elementary Treatise on Heat. By H. G. Madan, M.A. With Illustrations. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Papers on Alternating Currents of Electricity. By J. H. Blakesley, M.A. London: Whittaker & Co. 1889.

Celestial Motions. By W. Thynne Lynn, B.A. London: Stanford. 1889.

Elements of Histology. By E. Klein, M.D., F.R.S. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1889.

The Laws of Motion. By W. H. Lavery, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. By Rev. J. Warren, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy. By J. D. Everett, M.A., F.R.S. London: Blackie & Son.

Elementary Text-Book of Applied Mechanics. By D. A. Low, Head-Master of the People's Palace Technical Schools. London: Blackie & Son. 1889.

Statics for Beginners. By J. Greaves, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Elementary Statics. By Rev. J. B. Lock, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

Alps, and to compare the one to the other amounts to a fanciful delusion.

Mr. Crossing's descriptions of Dartmoor, when he writes of Dartmoor, are accurate, with the exception of the usual exaggerated colouring of what writers on Dartmoor call the antiquities. He may be commended, however, for calling the *clapper* bridges by their right local name, and not *cyclopean* bridges, a weak invention of the scholar in common use amongst superior persons. These bridges are made of huge stones piled on one another in the bed of a river to form piers for other huge flat stones to rest on and provide a footing for horse or man. Most of them have resisted the floods successfully for ages, and are certainly ancient and very picturesque. Mr. Crossing follows Mr. Page's example, and, culling from notes of his walks, gives his descriptions of the moor as he goes along, now and then his imagination floating downwards with a river and getting far enough away off the moor. The book, as we have said, is laudably short, but there is the superfluity of personalities before referred to. Mr. Crossing takes long walks with his friends and dogs, with whom his pages are somewhat burdened, and he also has the advantage of riding a pony, which gives him a much-needed insight as to where you can and where you cannot ride on horseback on the moor. In walking the whole moor can be traversed with ease, for Mr. Crossing makes too much of the difficulties, not because they appear difficulties to him, but by virtue of the poetical license aforesaid they are so described. Riding is another matter, and it requires a really good knowledge of the moor to cross it safely on horseback off the roads. On foot there are some mires to be found that are impassable, but they are not extensive, and are easily avoided. On horseback there are large extents of bog land into which a horse's foot would sink, even without a weight on his back. There are some passes through them known to the hunting-man and the moor-man, and, it appears, to Mr. Crossing also. We are surprised to find that Mr. Crossing mentions the Abbot's Way as the same as the Jobber's Path. The Jobber's Path, which was used for driving cattle across the moor, surely crosses the Abbot's Way in a direction almost at right angles, and it is altogether a distinct path. We are also surprised that any authority on Dartmoor should say "the central portion of this great waste still continues to be a Royal Forest" (p. 13), which it most decidedly is not. There are errors in the book, such as the following quotation will show:—"Below this spot, and by the side of a small stream which falls into the Erme, is a little covered erection of the kind frequently seen on the moor, though not often in so complete a state as this, and which it is very likely were used by the miners as repositories of their tools" (p. 104)—the italics are ours. Cranmere Pool, for some occult reason, seems to excite the fancy of writers on Dartmoor, who always dwell on it in a mysterious manner. It is a most disappointing spot to visit, if one be lured thither by these books. It is nothing more than a piece of bare, black peat-bog, on a large elevated plain of moss and sedge growing on the bog underneath. It once held water, and there are many accounts of how it became tapped. It is situated near West Okement Head, and the true explanation of its being no longer a pool is a simple one. A fox was run to earth at Okement Head; a terrier was put in, and not coming out again was dug out, and the digging drained the pool for ever.

The illustrations, apparently taken from photographs, cannot be highly praised. But the appendix is the best part of the book, giving a business-like list of the Tors, with their names, and their heights, and also a list of the rivers and their tributaries. There is the usual speculation about names, as a matter of course. We cannot agree that the Tors which bear the names of animals need have been so called because they resemble the animals in shape. Names have no doubt changed, some wholly, some only partially. But why should not Vixen Tor be so called because the vixen resorted to it for putting down her cubs? Or Fox Tor because it was a favourite kennel for the fox? Or Hare Tor because harriers were apt to find there, hares always frequenting places they like? Or Hound Tor because for the same reason hounds were eager to go to it? Nothing is more likely. Corruptions take place in the most recent times, as one of the Hare Tors has been changed to Har Tor, and from that to Harter by the press of the present day. In the list given of the Tors we miss some, such as New Tor, Brownsen Tor, &c.; but on the whole it is fairly complete, and very useful. So also is the index. The merits of the book are, that it is not lengthy, is generally accurate as far as it goes, and that by the aid of the appendix the Tors and the rivers can be sought and found by name.

ALL SAINTS', MAIDSTONE.*

FEW visitors to Maidstone fail to see the fine old Perpendicular church at the southern extremity of the town. With the closely adjoining remnants of the College it forms a most picturesque group, and, viewed from the other side of the Medway, with varied reflections and all kinds of small shipping for possible foregrounds, it is the subject of innumerable sketches and photographs. An object so attractive has naturally been very fully noticed by local writers and historians. Mr. Cave Browne mentions among his predecessors Newton, whose *History and Anti-*

quities of Maidstone was published about one hundred and fifty years ago; Beale Poste's *History of the College*, published in 1847, and Whichcord's volume on the same subject, which is dated two years earlier. Two later works are also mentioned—Mr. Gilbert's, which deals only with the church, and Mr. Russell's, which takes in the whole town. Under these circumstances it is not very easy to see what new thing Mr. Browne can have to tell us, and we are not surprised to find that these chapters originally appeared as contributions to the *Parish Magazine*. We must not, therefore, consult them for any remarkable discoveries or any very recondite information; and, perhaps for the same reason, the references to the Registers are much too meagre, filling in all only some half-dozen pages, although, as Mr. Browne tells us, "down to the close of the last century alone the Registers extend over fourteen volumes," and although they are among the few in England which date back to within six years of Cromwell's Injunctions, by which every parish was enjoined to set up its book and to provide a chest to keep it in. It is a pity Mr. Browne has not given us further particulars and extracts, the more so as he has filled several pages with an account of the stained glass, which, conspicuous as it is, will remain in every visitor's memory as the great drawback to the beauty of the church. The "horsebox pews," the three-decker and the galleries swept away at the last "restoration"—for All Saints' has undergone that destructive process several times—cannot have been half as offensive to the eye as these gloomy windows. In 1880 what might have proved a happy event for the church took place. A traction-engine passing along the road to the eastward suddenly blew up, shattering the east window—a Belgian transparency of most unfortunate design—and otherwise injuring the interior. Instead of seizing the opportunity to effect some really suitable improvements, the authorities now bestirred themselves to obliterate as far as possible, not so much the effects of the explosion, but all the previous history of the church, and, among other so-called improvements, the strange and ghostly, but impressive, monuments of the Astleys and the Knatchbulls were removed from the chancel, and placed, with more or less mutilation and alteration, at the western end of the nave—a situation for which they were never designed or intended. To tell the truth, this explosion, which we may assume was not the result of any prearrangement, gave the restorer opportunities often denied to him—opportunities of which, we may be sure, he fully availed himself. Strange to say, Mr. Browne omits all reference to this momentous event; momentous, of course, rather in its indirect effects than in the magnitude or importance of the damage it actually did to the fabric of the church. Mr. Browne, indeed, is no discriminating admirer of "restoration," and accepts the most thoroughgoing Vandalisms under that name as of necessity improvement. We do not all want the architecture of our old churches improved at the expense of their architectural history; but All Saints', Maidstone, after undergoing more than its share of such "improvement," still remains a very handsome and interesting relic of the time of Richard II.—the palmy days of the Perpendicular style.

Maidstone—Medway's Town—had its church at the time of the Domesday Survey. This church, called in a patent roll of 1495, "ecclesia parochialis Beate Marie de Maidenstone," was situated on one of the great manors of the see of Canterbury, and appears to have been an object of some solicitude to successive archbishops. When, as in the time of Archbishop Baldwin, and again in that of Archbishop Hubert, the monks of Christ Church made themselves too troublesome, a new foundation, to supersede the old one, was designed for Maidstone, but never carried out. Canterbury, therefore, when opportunity offered, took care to make itself unpleasant to Maidstone. The Prior and his monks, whenever the see was vacant, endeavoured, with by no means unvarying success, to hold visitations over the churches of the diocese. After Archbishop Peckham's death "an abortive attempt" was made to visit Maidstone. The like result followed a similar attempt in 1348; but in 1495 the Prior of Canterbury seems to have been more successful; at least, there is no record of failure extant. But the long-threatened College had then been established a hundred years, and had in no wise affected the predominant position of Christ Church. This College was endowed by Archbishop Courtenay, and Mr. Browne seems to have proved that the old church of St. Mary was not wholly pulled down, but formed something more than a foundation for the new church of All Saints'. The investigation of this point occupies a good many pages; as does the answer to another question—"Where was Archbishop Courtenay buried?" His alabaster tomb, without any inscription, is pointed out at Canterbury, near that of the Black Prince; but Mr. Browne is strongly of opinion that he was buried at Maidstone, and would identify a massive tombstone, from which a magnificent brass has been stripped, still existing in the centre of the choir, though no longer on the carved and emblazoned pedestal described by some old writers. According to Hardy's *Le Neve* he was buried, by the King's express commands, in Canterbury Cathedral, though he had desired that his grave should be "in the churchyard of the collegiate church of Maidstone." There are many difficulties about this view, and quite as many about the other. *Le Neve* himself, in his *MS. Church Notes in Kent*, cited by Mr. Browne, expressly states that Courtenay was buried at Maidstone. The grave was examined in the last century, and a skeleton found, but without any insignia of rank or other marks calculated to assist in the identification of the remains. On the whole,

* *All Saints', Maidstone*. By the Rev. J. Cave Browne. Maidstone: Bunyard.

however, the weight of what, at best, is but negative, or, at least, ambiguous evidence, is in favour of Mr. Browne's opinion that the body of the Archbishop was really laid in the chancel of his new church.

The later history of All Saints' has in it some points of interest. Mr. Browne does not very clearly define the position of the Master of Courtenay's College, but we gather that he succeeded to the duties of the old rectors of St. Mary's. The College was not finally surrendered until the reign of Edward VI., and thenceforward the duties of the parish were carried on by curates, appointed from time to time by the Archbishop, the first apparently being John Porter, who had been sacrist of the College. Some of these curates seem to have been men of character. We find Robert Barrett refusing to allow the Burghmore meetings to be announced in the church; Thomas Wilson omitting to publish the *Book of Sports*; John Crumpe, who is described as "a godly and painful preacher," and Josiah Woodward, who was one of the originators of what is now the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Mr. Denne was the antiquary who opened Courtenay's supposed tomb, as mentioned above, and held the curacy from 1753 to 1800, during thirty-five years of which time he seems to have been out of his mind, owing to a fright he had received. As chaplain to the gaol he attended two Italian prisoners under sentence of death. The criminals, the day before that appointed for the execution of the sentence, contrived to break out during Mr. Denne's visit, and, after stabbing the gaoler, to escape. While Denne was incapacitated James Reeve did the duty, and eventually succeeded him; a good man, who, though his own stipend was the poor but poetical 40*l.* a year, first opened a district church in Maidstone. Under the next incumbent, Vallance, the first "restoration" took place, though something of the kind had been attempted a century and a half earlier. The work thus begun languished for some thirty years, until the present "vicar"—for perpetual curacies were abolished in 1869—carried it out thoroughly.

Mr. Cave Browne gives very full details of the monuments and epitaphs. In his account of these memorials his zeal for restoration flags a little, and no wonder. "In the recent work of restoration," he says, "though the upper portions of the church have been so nobly beautified, the pavement bears sad marks of the utilitarian spirit." The grave of the Broughtons is an example; for while part of the tombstone with the family arms forms a step, the rest, with the inscription, is hidden by the next step. Mr. Browne does not pursue the subject. Some of the epitaphs are curious; as, for instance, that of Robert Stapley, a physician, and especially that of his son Richard, whom Phœbus scarcely excelled in his own art, and who was cut off by the Fates lest their own empire should be endangered. Among the monuments removed from their original places after the explosion was that of Laurence Washington, who died in 1619, and who appears to have been an ancestor of the first American President. The tablet, one of the most interesting in the church, was formerly on the north side of the east window, but since the explosion and the restoration it is "skied" on the south wall. The volume concludes with a good and full index. The illustrations, by some photographic process, are dark and unsatisfactory.

HINTS TO LADY TRAVELLERS.*

MISS or Mrs. Davidson (her healthy aversion to babies makes us incline to "Miss") may have done an unkind turn to the Lady Guide Association by her book; but the turn is one which she had a right to do if she liked, and nobody will contest her assertion that "a hundred women travel alone for one who did so in bygone days"—days, we may add, not so very much bygone. On this fact it is no use commenting, even if we felt any particular vocation to do so. Miss Davidson's book has proved amusing to us, and may prove amusing to other people for a different reason. It reminds the amiable student of human nature how very little common sense there apparently is, or at any rate there is thought to be, in that nature. Not that the want of common sense is in Miss Davidson, but that she appears occasionally to assume it in her sisters. We have no quarrel with her, except for her insistence on the fact (we fear it is a fact; but it is surely one to be hidden fathoms deep, not bruited abroad) that the ticket-clerks in booking-offices are bound to answer questions. The female, and even to some extent the male, traveller is but too prone to do this already, to the speechless or speechful agony of those waiting their turn; and it was not kind of Miss Davidson positively to aid and abet the commission of the most hideous crime known to travelling mankind or woman-kind.

She begins with "Accidents" (a cheerful preface, as she seems dimly to feel). From "Accident" you go to "Anticipation," which seems to be reversing the order of things. But, in fact, the arrangement is alphabetic, tempered by caprice, as the table of contents will show:—

Accidents, Anticipations, Apartments, Baths, Boarding-houses, Booking-offices, "Bradshaw," Cabs, Cab Fares, Carriage Clocks, Continental, Cushions, Cycling Tours, Dress, Dress Hampers, Dressing Bags, Driving Tours, Etiquette of Travelling, Etnas, Excursions, Fees, Fellow Travellers, Filters, Flasks, Food, Footwarmers, Foreign Outfits, Guards, Hand-bags,

* *Hints to Lady Travellers at Home and Abroad.* By Lillias Campbell Davidson. London: Iliffe & Son. 1889.

Health Resorts (England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland), Hoidalls, Hotels, Hotwater Bags, Hydropathic Establishments, Inns, Insurance, Invalid Comforts, Knapsacks, Lady's Maids, Ladies' Carriages, Lamps, Literature, Luncheon Baskets, Luggage, Medicine Chests, Money, Money Belts, Mountain Climbing, Necessaries of Travel, Night Journeys, Omnibuses, Packing, Pocket Compasses, Porters, Portmanteaux, Pullman Cars, Railways, Railway Keys, Railway Rugs, Return Tickets, Riding Tours, Saloon Carriages, Sandwich Boxes, Scotch Tours, Sea Bathing, Sea Voyages, Sleeping Cars, Soiled Linen Bags, Summer Travelling, Stations, Steamboats, Stewards and Stewardesses, Tea, Tea-pots, Time-tables, Toilet Requisites, Tourist Tickets, Trunks, Umbrella Cases, Unpacking, Waiting Rooms, Walking Tours, Washing, Watering Places, Wedges for Doors, Winter Travelling, Welsh Tours, Yachting.

This is a goodly *chapelet*, and it is fair to say that good sense is to be found under most of the headings. If lovely woman obeys her guide she will (1) put her feet instantly on the opposite seat at any violent motion of the train [N.B. This is good advice, but should not be put in practice too frequently, as the effect would be odd, especially if the *vis-à-vis* is a vile male]; (2) not forget her cats before starting [excellent]; (3) put a hand glass between the sheets to see that they are aired; (4) avoid boarding-houses [Miss Davidson does not say this in so many words, but we think she means it, and we heartily agree with her]; (5) count her change; (6) not acquiesce in the vulgar error that *Bradshaw* is hard to understand; (7) remember that many men of birth and station are driving cabs [from not having led five trumps, no doubt]; (8) possess an air cushion; (9) "not drink too much while riding" [Miss Davidson means tricycling; but we think—we really think—that this caution might be extended. At what period should a lady drink too much?]; (10) wear tailor-made gowns; (11) remember [blessings on Miss Davidson for this!] that the "command of the window" is a fixed, and not a movable law of etiquette; (12) "confine her parting attentions to the maids, unless she has called on the footman for unusual services"; (13) not set down a shutting-up drinking cup while it is full [and, indeed, this is a wise, though we should have thought a superfluous, precaution]; (14) eat a good breakfast [hear! hear!]; (15) not throw empty soda-water bottles into crowded thoroughfares ["O woman, in thine hours of ease, Say, art thou given to deeds like these?"]; (16) carry a hot-water bag [in which case we reluctantly give up the desire to travel in her company]; (17) insure her life; (18) not take a lady's-maid with her; (19) avoid ladies' carriages [this seems unnecessary, as no woman ever attempts to enter them]; (20) supply herself with a filter, a reading lamp, a money belt, a pocket compass, a railway key, a knapsack, a travelling bath, a door wedge, an eyestone, Hinde's curling pins, frizzetta, and thilum.

Now, it will be admitted that most of these persuasions and dissuasions (we except frizzetta and thilum, of which we know nothing) are excellent. Further, the travelling woman will find lists of watering-places, with some remarks on them, hints on the composition of a medicine chest (with which we trust that she will not poison either herself or her companions), and a good deal of miscellaneous information, mixed with a really surprisingly small proportion of talkee-talkie, or "holiday-article" writing. We noted in reading a passage where Shaftesbury is seemingly referred to as a town "in the North," which it certainly is not. But this is of no great importance, and we mention it chiefly because it was the only thing of the kind that we did note.

THE ENGLISH POOR LAW SYSTEM.*

"WHAT do you think of our institutions?" is supposed to be the first question addressed by an American host to the visitor from "the other side." We are less sensitive to the opinions of strangers than our American cousins; but we are no less capable, we may trust, of profiting by the generally disagreeable experience of "seeing ourselves as others see us." None of our institutions are more characteristically English, whether regard be had to its present condition or to its past history, than the Poor-Law system, and Dr. Aschrott has conferred a real benefit alike upon the practical administrator and upon the student of social science by his recent work upon the subject. It was the author's purpose, as he himself explains, to regard the Poor-Law system from the point of view of an outside observer, and "to form a judgment *sine ira et studio*." That purpose has been, we may say at once, admirably fulfilled. Dr. Aschrott's work is not the hasty impression of a holiday visitor, but the well-thought-out and critical judgment of a man well fitted alike by his previous training and his present position to arrive at an impartial conclusion. The subject, too, is one on which the carefully formed opinions of an educated foreigner may be peculiarly fruitful. Our own system is not merely unique, but even opposed in its most salient features to the systems which obtain abroad. In Germany there is far less uniformity of administration; while in France, the provision of funds for the relief of the poor is, on the whole, left to private benevolence, though the State undertakes to supervise their distribution. This being so, the friendly and, in the main, approving criticism of a man like Dr. Aschrott cannot fail to be of great value.

The great body of the work is devoted to a critical examination of the existing machinery of the English system and the

* *The English Poor Law System, Past and Present.* By Dr. P. F. Aschrott (Prussian District Judge). Translated by Herbert Preston-Thomas. With a Preface by Henry Sidgwick. London: Knight & Co.

methods at present adopted in its administration. But the first hundred pages of the book contain an excellent sketch of the progress of Poor-Law legislation from the earliest times to the present. Dr. Aschrott rightly ascribes the origin of such legislation to the Act 12 Richard II. cc. 7 & 8, but he fails to notice the great social revolution which rendered legislation imperative. It is true, but hardly adequate, to say that the interference of the State was due in the first instance rather to a desire to repress mendicancy than to benefit the poor. But so long as the old manorial system subsisted even mendicancy, much less pauperism, could not have reached such dimensions as to call for the interference of the State. It was the break up of the manorial system, consequent in great part on the Black Death of 1349 and 1361, which gave rise to a class of landless labourers, the relief of whose necessities called for public intervention. Still it is true in the main that up to the passing of the great Statute of Elizabeth in 1601 the repression of mendicancy rather than the relief of the destitute was the first object of Poor-Law legislation. Under the later Tudors, however, the problem of English pauperism became so pressing as to demand a comprehensive attempt at solution. The dissolution of the monastic orders; the agrarian revolution consequent on the dispersion of their lands; the growing passion for enclosures; the degradation of the currency; the rise of prices and the fall in the rate of wages combined to render the lot of the poorer classes extremely unhappy, while the gathering discontent warned the Elizabethan statesman that a remedial measure could no longer be delayed. For the famous Statute of 1601 Dr. Aschrott has nothing but admiration. "In this Act we recognize the State strong in the consciousness of its civilizing mission, not the State merely discharging the repressive functions of a previous period." Equally unqualified is his denunciation of the famous Act of Settlement passed after the Restoration:—

If in the Act of Elizabeth we recognize the strong and enlightened rule which strenuously maintained the interests of the Commonwealth, the law of Charles II. is a reflection of that unhappy time which was characterized by party spirit and selfish designs, when a weak and morally despicable monarch was ready to sacrifice the good of the community to the selfish wishes of particular classes and parties.

Dr. Aschrott fully appreciates the evils to which the humanitarian administration of the eighteenth century gave rise and the imperative necessity for the Amending Act of 1834. Since the passing of that great statute the principles of Poor-Law administration have been practically unchanged; while subsequent legislation has been directed mainly to amplifying and enforcing the leading provisions of that measure.

Having thus traced the historical development of the Poor-Law system, Dr. Aschrott proceeds to a minute and exhaustive examination of the machinery by which it is carried out. The result of this examination is, on the whole, exceedingly favourable to the system which obtains in this country. There are, however, points of detail in which Dr. Aschrott finds room for criticism. The present incidence of the Poor-rate, for example, he regards as unsatisfactory. In the country districts it is emphatically a tax on revenue, and, applying as it does only to the returns from real property, it seems to our author to be unfair. In the towns, on the other hand, it is, of course, a tax on expenditure, being, in effect, an addition to the house rent. The incidence of this tax Dr. Aschrott regards more favourably, though he urges, and with some reason, that the existence of heavy ground rents renders the tax in many cases inequitable. But it is the perfection of the local organization of the Poor-Law administration which has chiefly excited Dr. Aschrott's admiration. Here, he says, "the English system is a model one." This result he ascribes in the first place to the co-operation of paid and honorary officials in the local administration, and in the second to the harmonious relations of the local organizations and the Central Board. In this way the English system has been successful in "blending with the centralization necessary in the interests of administrative uniformity the independence of local administration necessary for the healthy life of the community." But here, too, there are, in the author's opinion, defects of detail. The office of honorary overseer might, he thinks, be abolished with great advantage to the symmetry of the system. The present method of electing Guardians seems to him to be open to abuse, though he admits that the results are good. He dwells with great minuteness on the workhouse system, combating the views alike of those who attack it on the score of expense and those who denounce it as cruel and inhumane. To the latter class of critics his reply is almost brutal in its directness and common sense. "Poor-Law relief is not based on humanitarian considerations, but is administered in the interests of the community." Or, as Professor Bryce has put it not less clearly, "kindness to the individual is cruelty to the class." Perhaps the most serious objection advanced by our author against existing workhouse management is the fact that, even for the able-bodied, workhouses are not, as the Legislature intended they should be, "places of labour." But this is really due, as he acknowledges, partly to the fact that the percentage of "able-bodied" men capable of ordinary labour is extremely small, and partly to the jealousy generally manifested against the employment of pauper labour in work which may compete with the product of private enterprise. With regard to vagrancy, Dr. Aschrott is inclined to believe that the harsh enactments against it have tended to encourage indiscriminate private charity, and have thus indirectly increased rather than diminished the pauperism of the country. He gravely mistrusts, too, the optimistic official view of the results of the "casual

ward" system. The numerical reduction of casual paupers is unquestioned, but is it conclusive proof of the favourable working of the system? This Dr. Aschrott denies. The stringency of the regulations has reduced casuals to the satisfaction of officialism, but it is gravely doubted whether the real result is equally satisfactory. The number of "Refuges" erected by charitable societies has enormously increased—a development in itself sufficient to account for the official diminution. But the real objection to the system as at present worked seems to be that its rigour fails to reach the class for whose correction it is more particularly intended. The "professional vagrant" avoids the casual ward, and its rigours fall therefore almost exclusively upon the respectable labourer in search of work, who possesses too much self-respect to beg for the pittance which would admit him to the company of the regular tramp in the common lodging-houses. That there is much of truth in this criticism no one can doubt. The hard discipline of the casual ward and the increasing dangers of the criminal centres formed in the common lodging-houses attest it beyond dispute.

It will be seen that such criticisms as Dr. Aschrott has to offer are very much criticisms in detail, and that they in no sense detract from his warm appreciation of the system as a whole. But it is interesting to note what are the special features which seem to our author, writing "as a German for Germans," worthy of particular mention as models for the amendment of the relief system in Germany. The first is the *uniformity of the system* throughout the whole country, which is secured by the general supervision exercised by the Central Board. "The advantage of the uniform character of the English relief system is that the individual may always rely upon being protected from the worst consequences of destitution—namely, from starvation; but, on the other hand, he knows perfectly well that relief, whatever the circumstances in which it is granted, will only be of the prescribed kind and amount." Secondly, the harmonious co-operation of paid and honorary officials in the local organization. Thirdly, the special provision for the sick poor by means of workhouse infirmaries, the dispensary system, and the system of training nurses. Fourthly, the education of pauper children; and, lastly, the existence of a well-defined boundary between public relief and private, which, as Dr. Aschrott truly says, is not only essential for the proper administration of the Poor Law, but is also calculated to effect the much-desired organization of private charity. To elucidate this latter point Dr. Aschrott has added an appendix which deals with the question of Private Relief and the Charity Organization Society as supplementary to the Poor-Law System. A second appendix contains a careful and exhaustive classification of Poor-Law Statistics.

To Mr. Henry Sidgwick, who suggested the introduction of the work to the English reader, to the translator, Mr. Herbert Preston-Thomas, and to the learned author himself, the thanks of all students of social science are due for a most valuable work on a subject which is no less intricate than important.

HEARTS OF OAK.*

"I HAVE," Admiral Winnington-Ingram says, "often felt a regret that the writings of my brother officers so seldom find their way into magazine print." They see many things, but they do not write about them. The lament or reproach is not without foundation; but the Admiral has done his best to remove it. His solid volume is a reprint of articles contributed, as he says with a certain dryness, "gratis" to the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*. It contains reminiscences of some forty years of service at sea, begun in the days of the sailing fleet and carried down to 1871, before Her Majesty's ships were beginning definitely to cease to be ships. It is a volume to be received with pleasure, in spite of certain drawbacks. One of these, and not the least, is that, being a reprint from the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, it is in the same "mo" as that publication. Now, it is one thing to handle a thin paper-bound pamphlet of quarto size, quite another to handle a thick quarto volume in stiff boards of that respectable proportion. It is, in truth, severe work to hold *Hearts of Oak*, at least for a feeble landsman. Another defect in the book is due to the Admiral's painful sense of duty. He will give historical information about places which we could dispense with. Thus on p. 58 he observes, with an almost hideous calm, "An outline of the particular events which took place in Asia Minor before the Christian era would here be appropriate," and then absolutely goes on to give it. If Admiral Winnington-Ingram had taken good advice before inserting his outline, he would, we imagine, have received the answer given to the bard who asked Dr. Johnson whether his Muse should sing of rats. As it is, he has inserted a lump of the purest guide-book skip.

When this is allowed for, Admiral Winnington-Ingram must be praised for a book which would be thoroughly readable but for its oppressive bulk. He has seen a good deal, from the burlesque sulphur war with Bomba on to the operations in the Baltic and the Garibaldian fighting in Italy. What he has seen he writes about in a pleasing way. The adventures are none of them thrilling, and, by no fault of his own, the Admiral has not seen a great naval war; but he has wandered much, and has

* *Hearts of Oak*. By Rear-Admiral H. F. Winnington-Ingram. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.

come across exceptional experiences. His style of narrating them has a certain simplicity not without a flavour of its own. Take, for instance, this incident, which occurs at the very beginning. The Admiral, when a midshipman, was on his way to the Pacific in the *Acteon*. A man fell overboard, and the officer of the watch hastened to bring the ship to. While he was directing the manœuvre a rush was foolishly made by some volunteers of more zeal than seamanship at the jolly-boat. She was lowered while the ship was still going through the water, and of course came side on, and was towed under in a moment. Five or six men were now struggling in the water. The Admiral must tell the rest of the tale:—

I was then sent in the cutter to search for them. The stars were shining brightly overhead, but the moon had not risen, so that small objects could only be seen at a short distance from the boat. She had been pulled for an hour or more over the supposed scene of disaster, but without results, and I was about to give the order for returning to the ship, whose lights were dimly seen far away, when a magnificent meteor shot clear across the sky, almost from one horizon to the other, making the surroundings as clear as day, and even bringing the low pampa coast—some distance off—in good view. During this interval, a small black object was observed bobbing on the surface of the water; and its bearing by the stars having been taken, the cutter was steered for it, and we soon picked up a man clinging to an oar, but in the last stage of exhaustion. He proved to be a noted bad character, who was always in trouble on board ship. That he should have been saved by the special intervention of a heavenly phenomenon, when all others in the same predicament perished, is a mystery incapable of being solved; but, if I remember rightly, the man's conduct somewhat improved from the date of his wonderful preservation.

This has Admiral Winnington-Ingram also seen, that good luck sometimes happens to the bad man, and the evil seemed to him great.

In the course of his experience the Admiral, then a lieutenant, was landed to assist in the defence of Monte Video against Rosas. He there made his first acquaintance with Garibaldi, and saw one of the most astounding pieces of savagery on a large scale which has been visible on our earth in this century. The whole siege was a barbarism of the worst kind. We learn from the Admiral that a countryman of our own shone in its worst scenes. This was a certain Cockney Sam, a loafer on the Monte Video mole, who was regularly employed to cut the throats of the sentries of the besieging force, and who showed himself a master in that bad kind of irregular warfare. He struck terror into the Argentine look-outs by shouting "Deténgase usted un instante, estoy Samuel de Londres." "Stop a moment, I am London Sam." When they did stop a moment he cut their throats. We learn from the Admiral that the cant Monte Videan phrase for throat-cutting was "tocar el violin," which is curious, since in old Spain it is a slang phrase for playing the fool. How aptly it may be used in that sense the victim of the amateur violinist knows. Later on the Admiral met his old friend Garibaldi in Sicily as leader of the thousand at Marsala. He speaks as highly as all eye-witnesses do of the hero's imperturbable courage. The Admiral had also the advantage of an introduction to Rosas himself, who received him with hospitality and struck him as looking remarkably like a Scotchman. In these days, when laments over the difficulty of finding competent crews for our ships in war time are so commonly heard, it is encouraging to read the Admiral's account of the difficulties found during the Crimean War in manning the *Boscawen*. It shows how they had to put up with every sort of nondescript landsmen, and had out of a watch list of 302 only 125 men who had "any proper knowledge of sailors' work." In the old war, ships were sometimes even worse found. So, after all, our troubles are no new thing. We are really obliged to the Admiral for giving us a picture of the old sea life, and wish that some of the others who remember it would collect their recollections before they go and the knowledge is lost.

LITERARY INFLUENCE IN BRITISH HISTORY.*

MR. ALBERT CANNING has done some respectable and useful work in book-making, and we have no desire to be hard on him. But really this volume is a little trying. Mr. Canning says that he hopes "it may be useful to readers not familiar with larger works on the subject." What are the larger works on the subject? We can only think of one, and that one which Mr. Canning certainly does not quote and is not very likely to know—M. A. Beljame's capital *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre*, which covers one small period. The "works," however, with which Mr. Canning apparently supposes that the public may not be familiar are quite different from this. They are "Shaw's" and "T. Arnold's" *Manuals of English Literature*, Macaulay's *History and Essays*, Buckle's *Civilization*, the late Mr. Green's *History of the English People*, the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and a few other recondite lucubrations of the same kind. His extracts from these, all acknowledged with the most transparent honesty and just as a man might acknowledge the rarest discoveries, are woven into a disquisition as to which all we can say is that we do not quite know whether the state of mind which the author reveals or that which he seems to expect in his readers is the more remarkable. We shall best illustrate both by pretty copious citation.

Mr. Canning thinks well of Shakspeare; but his method of expressing his admiration is peculiar:—

If these dramatic chronicles, as Hallam calls them, are compared with

* *Literary Influence in British History: an Historical Sketch.* By the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. London: W. H. Allen.

his own histories, as well as with those of Hume, Lingard, and Macaulay, it will be seen how truly the poet describes many noble, historic personages, committing or authorizing legal cruelties, for which they cannot be considered personally responsible.

He considers our ballads unduly neglected:—

The old English ballads mostly celebrating deeds of arms, and which Hallam thinks inferior to the Scottish, were comparatively neglected till the last century when republished by Bishop Percy. Although admired by some literary men, Walter Scott especially, they were seldom referred to by former British writers.

That Mr. Canning should say that Raleigh "took no active part in politics" is a little surprising; but it is perhaps not so surprising as his reference to *Eikon Basilike*:—

Another royalist writer, Bishop Gauden (1605-1664), wrote in behalf of monarchy and the king's memory. The former in his *History of the Revolution*, the latter in a remarkable work, the *Royal Image*, pathetically described and deplored the king's character and execution. . . . He [Milton] eagerly attacked Bishop Gauden's singular work, in which that prelate, praising the king's courage at execution, deplored and described the event, most minutely appealing to the English nation to lament and avenge it.

Has Mr. Canning ever opened a page of the book he thus describes? and would he be surprised to hear that Gauden, whether he wrote *Eikon Basilike* or not, was not a prelate then or for ten years afterwards? That he quotes Milton as describing himself "fallen on evil days, by evil tongues surrounded," is nothing; and "the gay Lucios, Cassios, Gratianos," whose "occasional intemperance" Mr. Canning deplors, are not much more. Cassio, unfortunately for himself, was "occasionally intemperate," but he finds himself in very odd company here. But this is a still odder sentence about Dryden:—

Yet his own joyous, genial disposition, fully shown in his beautiful ode or drinking song of *Alexander's Feast*, apparently prevented his making personal enemies.

We never heard that glorious John had a "joyous" nature; and, to put Rose Alley and the cudgels out of question, a poet must indeed be a glutton of "personal enmity" who wants more proofs of it than Dryden had, from the *Medal of John Bayes* downwards. However, the "little, if any, indignation" which Dryden excited may pair off with the "fairness" of Bishop Burnet, and the "political views favouring the British Protestant colonists" which, it appears, distinguish the *Tale of a Tub*. The statement that Voltaire, "like Bossuet, wrote in French," is capable of misinterpretation by ribalds, though it is strictly true. Let us next hear what Mr. Canning has to say of Gibbon:—

His subject, so vast, so interesting and important, claimed attention not only in lands whose history it described, but in others where the glorious Roman name was never known. In the world's mysterious history it was fated that far more interest in the Roman Empire was felt, and far more knowledge of it acquired in countries long unknown or uncivilized than in those which had displayed either its political or intellectual glory. Britain, France, and Germany, where Gibbon's work was most studied, are yet comparatively seldom mentioned in his historic pages. His grand history ranges throughout southern Europe, western Asia, and northern Africa.

Unlike most histories of his time the "Decline and Fall" addressed all nations enjoying the inheritance of the ancient Roman Empire. It was, therefore, much read by foreigners, a recent edition being prefaced and furnished with notes by M. Guizot, the French Prime Minister under King Louis Philippe.

This statesman, well versed in modern politics, bears valuable testimony to Gibbon's knowledge of human nature.*

* "His eye was never darkened by the mists which time gathers round the dead. He saw that man is ever the same, whether arrayed in the toga or in the dress of to-day, whether deliberating in the Senate of old or at the modern council board."—Guizot's preface to "*Bohn's Edition of Gibbon*." These words are specially valuable from the French Premier, who, often presiding at many Paris council boards, thus recognizes and acknowledges the English historian's good sense.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate for this handsome tribute that Guizot executed the very superficial work referred to, almost as a boy, long before he was "French Prime Minister," or knew anything about "Paris Council Boards." But this is less interesting to us than the reflection about the mysterious fate. It would be wrong to do more than direct the reader's attention to it. So also we need not dwell on the following statement:—

About this time Defoe's popular work, *Robinson Crusoe*, probably diverted many young Englishmen's attention from history to the combined amusement and information it furnished.

further than to observe that "this time" is the time of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; that *Robinson Crusoe* was published in 1719, when Hume was eight years old, and five and eighteen years respectively before Robertson and Gibbon were born. The "diversion from history" which it thus effected is one of the most interesting on record.

Observing, in passing, that Dr. Samuel Johnson is known to Mr. Canning to have written the *Lounger* (the shade of the "Man of Feeling," who had no nasty pride, will surely bow and say, "*Trop d'honneur!*"), we may congratulate our author on discovering that William Wordsworth "was one of the most pleasing and popular among the friends and contemporary poets of Scott, Byron, and Moore." Wordsworth the friend of Byron, Wordsworth popular at any time during Byron's life, is good—popular Wordsworth is good. What Mr. Canning has to say about "Green and Buckle" and Mr. Justin McCarthy must not delay us; indeed from many unquoted gems we can only select one more:—

Like Scott's *History of Scotland*, where the great novelist abandoning fanciful romances, devotes himself to historical narration, Mr. Locky lays aside his former attractive style.

That Scott "laid aside his former attractive style" in the *Tales of a Grandfather* will be new to a good many people.

Such a book as this makes the feeling heart sorry. Mr. Canning is not pretentious; he is industrious after his way; he has selected a subject on which a really brilliant book might be written. But he has taken his literary knowledge apparently from "manuals," his historical knowledge from popular histories, and, what is most remarkable of all, he seems to have entirely lost sight of his nominal theme. By far the larger part of the work has nothing to do with "Literary Influence on British History," but is simply an ill-arranged series of remarks on certain British authors; while many of the most important instances of such influence—such as Puritan pamphleteering, Halifax's tracts, the astonishing political journalism of Swift at its most successful time, that of the *Conduct of the Allies*, &c.—are not mentioned at all. "Literature and History in England considered in the light of Manuals and Macaulay" would have been the better title, and even then it would be rather hard on Macaulay and the manuals.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE remarkable natural force which abides in the one living representative of the oldest school of literature represented at all in modern France (for M. de Pontmartin is a chicken compared with M. Alphonse Karr), exhibits itself still in *Les bêtes à bon Dieu* (1). Nobody, we believe, quite knows when M. Karr was born; we hope that nobody will know when he dies. He ought never to die, for he is the one perfect living representative of the *esprit gaulois* as it once was, with all its merits and all its defects—defects which are getting as precious as the merits. As usual, the framework of the present collection of articles is better than the articles themselves. Not that there is not good work in the latter. The history, told in the fashion of Titus Livius, of what the politicians of 1870 and later times ought to have done, and didn't do—how Napoleon III. and all his Ministers fell fighting at Sedan, like Roland at Roncesvalles and James IV. at Flodden, M. Emile Ollivier alone surviving to turn hermit, and expiate his crime; how MM. Jules Favre, Gambetta, and Freycinet imitated their heroic repentance a little later; how M. Ferry and General Boulanger fought for four hours at close quarters with the sword (with the true history of the General, who began by killing Hector of Troy in single combat, communicated by parenthesis, and the new and surprising adventures of President Grévy), is not inconsiderable fun. Some Dialogues of the Dead are also good, especially the remark (quite worthy of him who wrote "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"), that the dialogue is "le seul plaisir qu'aient imaginé pour les âmes immortelles les dieux et les poètes, si ingénieux pour les supplices des enfers, et si peu inventifs pour les paradis." Nor is this touch the worse that it is put in the mouth of Frederick the Great. Nor are similar things to seek in the remaining papers. But the introduction is perhaps the most fertile in them, the introduction in which M. Karr explains the reason why he has turned his "wasps" into "ladybirds." He might, by the way, have referred to the very unjust idea, popular in some countries, that ladybirds are capable of leaving a blister on the hand where they alight as well as of polishing off aphides—which is the point in their character on which he dwells. There is in this introduction one of the specially interesting apologies for old age—not too flattering and not too evidently *sour-grapish*—which men of letters have sometimes known how to compose. Let us hope that when he said "pour elles [les femmes] vieux est le superlatif de scélérat" he was only in a recrudescence of that "ill humour or disappointment" in which he confesses that he must have been when he laid it down long ago that "Il est une cruelle punition pour les hommes qui ont trop aimé les femmes: c'est de les aimer toujours." Nowadays in milder mood he would, it seems, substitute for "punition," which he owns to be a blasphemy, "don" or "privilège." Perhaps there is not quite the same emphatic genuineness about this optimism as there is in the pessimism of the original. It is capped, however, by a maxim wherein is much wisdom:—"L'homme aime la femme qu'il veut aimer, la femme qu'il aime—la femme aime ou croit aimer l'homme par lequel il lui plaît d'être aimée. Cela a l'air assez ténu, mais n'en est pas moins vrai." It is true, and what is more, you may search the whole school or schools of brisk young writers like M. Paul Bourget, M. Henry Rabusson, M. Georges Duruy, and the rest, even M. de Maupassant, not to mention the denizens of the Naturalist pigstye, without finding anything as true on the matter whereof they will all still be talking.

M. Cartailhac's volume of the *Bibliothèque Scientifique Internationale* (2) is, like most of the volumes of that series, a well-executed and closely-packed treatise. The bones of primitive man and his kitchen-middens, his Caves of Machpelah, his flint weapons and his beads, his menhirs and his circles of stones, all have due notice. The author has gone to excellent authorities for his facts, and he does not appear to possess any tyrannously predominating views of his own which might interfere with im-

partial statement on points of opinion. As always in this series, the illustrations are numerous, well selected, and mostly very good; though in a few cases there is a certain smudgy effect about some of the details, which may be more artistic, but is less instructive, than if it were otherwise.

We think M. Paul Mahalin (3) was better employed in writing *L'hôtelier sanglante* than in cataloguing (not too reasonably) the pretty actresses of Paris from the point of view not so much of their talents as of their profiles, their dimensions, their coats, their hosen, and their hats (the lady on the cover of the volume is not excessively coated or *chausée*; but never mind). However, there is no harm in the book, and it provides abundance of gossip about a subject which is, perhaps, better beloved of gossips than any other.

Paris, delighting in foreign novelists, has its Ouida on one side and its Tolstoi on the other to comfort it. It is needless to say much here of *Le Colonel Sabretasche* (4); of the other, it may be observed that the profane will be wrong to hope that the Swan-song (5) is Count Tolstoi's own. The swan is another than he, and a musician, which swans are not usually, save in *extremis*. There are other stories in the book besides this, and as the Seer-novelist-count is at his best in short stories, this is not something to be unthankful for.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

CLOTHED with allegory as with a garment, mystic, wonderful, is *The Dial*, the new artistic review projected by Mr. Charles H. Shannon and Mr. C. Ricketts. On its cover there is pictured a sundial, set in a semi-cirque of unutterable things. Its frontispiece, glorious in green and blue and gold, is an exceedingly cryptic design, which, if we may hazard any conjecture, is symbolical of the editorial belief, not now proclaimed for the first time, that "the artistic conscientiousness cannot be controlled by the paying public." The lovely white lady in the "illustration to the Great Worm," by Mr. Ricketts, arrayed in golden hair, worn, like the vulgar or Philistine conscience, all on one side, may represent the artistic conscience. She leans, not too gracefully, against an indigo rock, and offers white lilies to a gold-flecked cerulean monster that issues from a distant range of blue mountains and extends many a rood over the green landscape. It is a mild and unblatant beast, apparently, though terrors untold may lurk in its invisible tail. Perhaps it impersonates the paying public. The accompanying letterpress offers no light. We guess 'tis frightful there to see a lady so lightly clad as she, beautiful exceedingly. Exquisitely dusky is another illustration to the parable of "the Great Worm" by Mr. Shannon; nor is there less scope for the interpreter in Mr. Reginald Savage's "Miracle of the Roses" or the tail-pieces by Mr. Ricketts, some of which are strongly reminiscent of Blake. Altogether there is some relevancy in the editor's apologetic reference to the "seeming aggressiveness" that characterizes *The Dial*, though it is not a little curious that a magazine put forth with the sole aim of gaining sympathy with its views should so successfully conceal those views under allegorical forms. Mr. Shannon's idyllic sketch, "A Simple Story," is gracefully written, and there is some sound criticism in the introductory paper on M. Puvis de Chavannes; yet neither in these nor in the "Notes" on current movements in the world of art do we find any broad or definite "views" of art that call for comment or criticism. For the present at least the individuality of *The Dial* is decidedly of a negative kind. It can scarcely do more than cause a little flutter in studios that are disdainful of the methods and traditions of the Academy.

The Life and Letters of Father Damien (Catholic Truth Society) is edited by Father Pamphile, the elder brother of the devoted missionary priest, the story of whose labours among the lepers of Molokai was recently made known in Mr. Edward Clifford's graphic and interesting little volume. Father Pamphile's biographical sketch is brief, yet sober and unaffectedly simple in style. He gives many interesting reminiscences of the home-life at Tremeloo, and relates in few but touching words how his brother Joseph, "as though struck by a sudden inspiration," visited him when stricken with typhus fever, and asked if it would console him if he should take his place as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. The work had already been assigned to Father Pamphile when his brother volunteered to undertake it, and was warmly encouraged in the enterprise. The success of the mission, and its unforeseen influence since the death of Father Damien, are now known and felt by all. The history of the settlement at Molokai, under the control of Father Damien, in the present volume, shows that the capacity and energy of the young priest in administrative matters were not less notable than his constancy in good works and unselfish devotion.

Decipit exemplar—the proverb is something musty; but what else can be said of a book which might make Mr. Rider Haggard wish he had never put pen to paper to describe hairbreadth 'scapes? The sub-title of *The Amber City*, by Thomas Vetch (London: Biggs & Debenham), is "The Adventures of a Steam

(1) *Les bêtes à bon Dieu*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *La France préhistorique*. Par E. Cartailhac. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Les jolies actrices de Paris*. Cinquième série. Par P. Mahalin. Paris: Tresee et Stock.

(4) *Le Colonel Sabretasche*. Par Ouida. 2 vols. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Le chant du cygne*. Par le Comte Léon Tolstoi. Paris: Perrin.

Crocodile in Central Africa," and from this the practised reader can guess what kind of stuff is before him. The author has yet to learn that to be revolting is not necessarily to avoid dullness.

The story of what may be called a world-wide mission, directed from home, and partly carried out at home, is well told by Canon Scarth in a little illustrated book, *In All the World* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), which treats of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission among seamen and emigrants at home and abroad.

Mrs. E. R. Pitman's *Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands* (Partridge & Co.) is apparently inspired by the notion that the wives of missionaries serving in foreign parts form a class of missionaries in themselves. Preachers, translators, teachers, catechists, and so forth, are all cited as needful; but, adds Mrs. Pitman, there is another class "not one whit less important—namely, *female missionaries*." It is scarcely possible that a woman who accompanies her husband on his mission to the heathen can avoid being herself a missionary. The subjects of the biographical narratives that comprise Mrs. Pitman's book, Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson, Mrs. Gobat, and the rest, worked in conjunction with their husbands, not apart from them in single blessedness. They are deserving of honour as missionaries, and not mainly as female missionaries.

All persons who are troubled with the theory that man is descended from an anthropoid ape of arboreal habit may gather some consolation from the very confident treatise of one "Laurentius" entitled *The Miocene Man of the Bible* (R. Tilling). The "Miocene man" of the author—not of the Bible—is no other than the "Missing Link," and he is now discovered by "Laurentius," to the joy of Paleontologists, let us hope, and the confusion of Evolutionists. He had "thirteen ribs and no wife," we are told, and it is due wholly to "lovely woman," as "Laurentius" says in his tropical manner, that man is not in the like evil case, and as ferocious as his anthropoid ancestor.

The Eiffel Tower, a translation of M. Gaston Tissandier's popular little handbook (Sampson Low & Co.), will be read with interest by many who have not visited the Paris Exhibition. The clear yet minute description of the tower and its construction, from foundation to campanile and lighthouse, is such that may be readily grasped by anybody, and the numerous illustrations after photographs are very useful aids.

A reprint that ought to be popular is Mr. Francis Galton's *Tropical South Africa* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), which forms the new volume of the "Minerva Library." The book is well illustrated with woodcuts and an excellent portrait, and contains, in addition, three accounts of travels selected from Mr. Galton's *Vacation Tourists*, from the pens of Sir George Grove, the late W. G. Clark, and the author.

Of the pretty and well-printed "Stott Library" we have a second instalment of a *Selection from De Quincey*, edited by Mr. W. H. Bennett (David Stott). Another volume of selections is edited by Mr. J. R. Tutin—*Selections from Keats*—in "Routledge's Pocket Library." This includes full reprints of most of Keats's best work, with selections from *Endymion* that are chosen with discrimination, for the most part, and are fully representative of the poet's early manner.

We have received new editions of Mr. Walter Bagehot's treatise on *A Universal Money* (Longmans & Co.); the fifth volume of the "Cabinet Edition" of Kaye and Malletson's *History of the Indian Mutiny* (Allen & Co.), and Professor Dicey's *Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution* (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received *Chronicles of a Health Resort*, by A. Helder (Fisher Unwin); Longfellow's *Excelsior*, illustrated by G. H. Edwards in monotype (Hodder & Stoughton); *Sweet Innocence*, illustrated by the same artist, with verses by Clarice Cornwall (Hodder & Stoughton), and *The Ocean of Life*, verses on the twelve months, with illustrations in "Christmas Card" style, by various hands (Hodder & Stoughton).

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